THE SPORTSMAN'S FRIEND

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 105. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 5TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

REAL LIFE v. THE DRAMA.

The number of times you have shaken hands with another man is so great that you cannot count it; but the betting is that you have never shaken hands as it is done on the stage.

You can always tell when two men are going to shake hands on the stage. They first face one another, take a step forward, swing their right arms backward and then round over the shoulder like Fielder putting in a fast one; and then—"Smack!"—the two hands meet.

The "shake" is not finished yet. There is still the "steady gaze" to be gone through. Still gripping hands, the two actors stare steadily at each other's eyes, as though they were trying to count the lashes. Then, suddenly, they relax their clasp and allow their hands to fall to their sides with a noise that reminds us of our father's performance with the slipper when we had despoiled the forbidden russet-tree.

Now consider two men in the street shaking hands. Each puts out a limp paw, gives the other a languid shake, and then says "Well, you're *quite* sure you won't have another? Good-bye then. See you some time or other, I suppose," and rushes off. But we know which kind of shake we like best.

CANKERS OF BOXING.

It is a regrettable thing that boxing, one of our greatest sports, and one which is supposed to be the Britisher's birthright, should be so closely approximating, as far as professionalism is concerned, to the methods which characterise wrestling.

Boxing is at present under a Yankee cloud. Managers have learned a lot from their American colleagues which every sportsman wishes they would forget as quickly as possible.

The "barney," for instance, is very prevalent. This is the professional term, which signifies an "arranged" bout, to be left as a draw so that neither man loses prestige. Foul play, too, in which a great many of our first-class professionals specialise nowadays, is a direct importation from America, where it receives much more toleration.

"Shirking" is a great blot on boxing. When a fighting man has reason to fear another who has challenged him, he will invent all sorts of excuses to avoid meeting him in the ring.

But the curse of the "film" is perhaps the greatest of all. When a promoter has arranged to dispose of the cinematograph rights, he takes good care that the fight should be drawn out so as to make them more valuable. When a sport is sacrificed to money in this way it is almost past praying for.

CHEEK.

"Music-Hall Split" ran a newspaper poster recently. Tights again, we suppose.

* * *

Mrs. Elinor Glyn has written a book called "His Hour." We understand from a bilious person who read it that "he" deserved six months at least.

* * *

Says the Marchioness Townshend, "You may patch up a quarrel, but the patches nearly always show." Probably because you haven't cottoned on again properly.

* * *

A writer hints that "many curious rumours are afloat just now respecting the recent Gama-Zbysco match." Unlike the rumours, we are not curious.

* * * *

Says "Judge": "Before a man stands on his rights, he should be sure that he has some." But don't argue with him, for he may have a good left.

* * *

Sir G. MacAlpine remarks "The Church treats men as a mother treats a naughty boy." Sends 'em to sleep, eh?

* * *

Listen to what the Dean of Salisbury says: "To be a man is to be a whole man, not half nor quarter of a man." The Church has some very deep thinkers in it, we can see that.

* * *

Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., observes that every woman ought to have a hobby. We hope for his sake that the intelligent printer will not make the last word read "hubby."

* * *

A gardener writes in a weekly paper that "a spadeful of manure is worth a volume of theory." And, like the volume, we prefer not to bury our noses in it.

* * *

R. Bourne is to be tried at full-back for Oxford this year. Some of the Cambridge Fifteen are muttering grimly that if he plays against them, he will wish he had never been Bourne.

* * *

Blue evening suits are to be worn by "fashionable young men" this winter. Was an American paper thinking of these golden youths when it announced "Muffs bigger than ever in London"?

* * *

The number of lunatics in London has recently decreased. Is this because certain sensational periodicals have become extinct of late?

* * *

The new "pillar-box" costume will be useful for the woman who wants to catch the male.

J. S. COX.

SOME USEFUL CLIMBING TIPS.

Whether going up or down a cliff or rock face, always have four points of support, that is, two handholds and two footholds before attempting a fresh move.

Never go up without clearly seeing your way down again, should you for any reason have to beat a retreat.

Novices often try to haul themselves up by bushes or tufts of grass. This is most dangerous, for nothing growing on rocks is ever deeply rooted.

Another dangerous practice is to hook a stick over a projecting ledge of rock and to haul yourself up by it. Apart from the fact that you will have no footholds, the stick is very apt to break or slip.

Grass slopes are often as slippery as ice. If you slip and begin sliding down, the best plan is to turn on your face, and keeping your hands down by the waist to clutch at adjacent bushes or tufts of grass.

Your hands being kept low down the strain will come gradually on whatever you manage to clutch, while being on your face there is greater friction between your body and the ground than if you were on your back.

Never jump from one foothold to another.

FREAK BILLIARD TABLES.

A year or two ago it looked as if the ordinary billiard table was doomed.

Everybody was talking of the arc-oval table. One was installed at the National Sporting Club, and was opened by a match of 14,000 up between John Roberts and Fred Weiss.

It was claimed for the arc-oval that it was specially suited to private houses, as it took up so much less room than the square table.

Then there was the "ovalex," a table with eight sides, six of which were straight, the top and bottom cushion being curved, while another much talked of invention was the "oktang," which was a square table with the corners cut off.

From the professional point of view it was claimed for these "freaks" that their difficulties would make the professional game took up so much less room than the square more attractive to the public.

As for the "backbone" of the game—the average amateur, he would have nothing to do with the "freaks."

He found the ordinary table quite difficult enough, and had no wish to play on tables which made mediocrities of even the best professionals.

And so the two-square table holds its own to-day and is likely to do so as long as billiards flourishes.

The Fraud of Freemasonry

HYPOCRISY THAT IS PRACTISED "ON THE SQUARE."

From his earliest days upwards the average man is accustomed to look upon Freemasonry as a high-souled and beneficent Order, and Freemasons as a band of loving brothers, who all cheerfully lend a helping hand to any member of the craft who needs it.

The very word "freemasonry," even in the ears of the uninitiated, has a noble and magnanimous ring about it. But if there is an order in the world, semi-religious or wholly secular, which is really nothing more nor less than a sham, that order is Freemasonry.

THE LODGE.

First of all a Lodge, nowadays, is no more nor less than a glorified and particularly mysterious club. Any small band of men can start a Freemasons' Lodge by making the necessary arrangements with Grand Lodge, and engaging a room or rooms, in most cases on the premises of some licensed house. You will often find, in fact, that the Lodge was originally started by an enterprising Masonic publican with the object of sending up his sales of liquor.

How do you join? Strictly speaking, a man must voluntarily request to be made a Mason; but I dare assert that not one in fifty does so unprompted. What generally happens is that a man goes into a hotel bar, and while talking to the manager sees a lot of men in evening dress filing mysteriously upstairs. He asks the Boniface who they are, and learns that they are Freemasons holding a lodge night. "I'm one of 'em," says mine host. "Why don't *you* join? Won't do you no 'arm in yer trade," he adds, with a wink. "You'd like to, eh? That's right! I'll propose you to-night."

WHY MEN BECOME MASONS.

But is it worth while? Very few Masons will admit the fact, but it is no use denying that every man who becomes a Mason does so because he thinks it will benefit him financially somehow or other. Ten pounds is a fair average entrance-fee to pay so as to be "made." There are more lodges which charge more than those whose fees are less.

Now, hundreds of men cheerfully pay those ten pounds who would not dream of paying a like sum to join the most commodious and useful club in London. They would think the amount too great. Then why do they spend it on Freemasonry? *Because they fancy they will get it back with interest.*

But they don't. In many ways Freemasonry, which admittedly originated in a distinctly helpful and truly charitable spirit, has nowadays degenerated into pure hypocrisy.

After paying his ten pounds—or whatever the sum may be—the would-be initiate is relieved of certain articles of clothing so as to be in a particularly uncomfortable *déshabille*, and is then blindfolded. He is led to the door of the "lodge," which is generally an ante-chamber next to the public-house billiard-room, whence the "click" of the balls can be heard now and again.

STRANGE CEREMONIES.

The door opens and a voice asks who is there. The novice answers (after his prompters) that he is a poor blind wanderer seeking for the light, or words to that effect. At that moment he feels a mild pricking in his chest—which is bare—and a tug at his throat. Neither of these surprises him, for he has seen a brilliantly decorated official go into the lodge armed with a small and innocuous-looking dagger; and he felt a rope being passed round his neck at the time of being blindfolded.

He is afterwards informed that, had he attempted to snatch off his bandage and so surprise any secrets, he would have been throttled with the rope and stabbed with the dagger. Next, prompted by his proposer and seconder, he performs various difficult and ungainly steps across

the floor of the lodge; and at the end of the ceremony he learns that he is an "initiate." He is then escorted to the "banqueting hall" to be "filled up" as expeditiously as possible.

On two other occasions he goes through similar experiences, and on the third he learns that he is a "Master Mason." He then feels very proud, for will not all his brothers help him should he be in trouble or want?

POVERTY-STRICKEN FREEMASONS.

We doubt it. If every Freemason held to his vows in this respect there would not be a needy Freemason in existence; but as it is the writer knows scores of them. Fleet Street and the Strand are full of them, poor wretches with, perhaps, no roof to cover them, but who know how little sympathy—*real* practical sympathy—they would get from their more prosperous brothers.

The writer knows a journalist who became a Mason, and who, learning that the managing director of the paper which he was sub-editing was a "brother," declared himself to that gentleman as one. Naturally he anticipated some sort of advancement, but imagine his surprise, a few weeks later, to find himself "sacked."

From the writer's not inconsiderable experience of Freemasonry and Freemasons, he is of opinion that practically the only class of man to whom Freemasonry can be of any assistance is the licensed victualler and the commercial traveller. If a Mason, who habitually visits bars, knows that the proprietor or manager of a certain house is a Mason, he will very likely give his special patronage to that house; and a proprietor will buy for preference from a Masonic traveller, provided his wares are as good as anybody else's. If not, his Masonry will not help him an atom.

MASONS IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

Among other vows, the newly-fledged Mason swears to respect the womankind of his brother Masons in every way—but the numerous divorce cases in which Masons have figured as petitioner and co-respondent respectively, show how lightly such an oath is generally regarded.

The ideals of Masonry are essentially good; but their administration by the great majority of "brothers" is faulty, if not entirely disregarded. There are, of course, a sprinkling of earnest and truly charitable Masonic Samaritans; but as a whole the *genus* Freemason has a particularly large tongue in an enormously capacious cheek.

S. W.

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by means of a small advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange on page 3 of cover.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE MET

I.—MR. EUGENE CORRI.

Known far and wide as one of the finest and firmest referees that ever controlled a boxing contest, Mr. Eugene Corri is an all-round sportsman, an adept at practically every form of manly exercise. Boxing, however, was his first and endur love, and few men have done more to promote the noble art of self-defence.

The public hear of Mr. Corri chiefly as officiating at National Sporting Club professional contests, but his friends know that he willingly sacrifices his leisure to referee for the 'Varsities, public schools, regiments, and all manner of amateur clubs. He is quite as happy in refereeing a scramble between a couple of novices as when he takes off his coat and steps into the N.S.C. ring to follow every movement of a championship.

Mr. Corri has had some stirring times as referee. In his earlier days he once refereed a contest in a barn.

On another occasion he was very nearly "outed" by a stone ginger-beer bottle hurled at him by a disappointed spectator at Wonderland.

Thrice has he stood his trial and been acquitted for manslaughter in connection with fatalities when he was referee.

Boxers like and respect him, for he stands no humbug, and has no hesitation in disqualifying any man who won't box.

He has a sense of humour, and delights in telling the story of an American boxer against whom he had had to give an adverse verdict. Afterwards, the disappointed "pug" came up to him, and said, "Say, Mr. Corri, your heart's all right, but your judgment's all wrong."

One of his stories relates to Mr. Leonard Boyne, the popular actor.

Mr. Boyne was playing in a piece called "The Sporting Life," or something like that. One scene depicted a contest at the National Sporting Club. The hero's fortunes depended on his winning but the villain hocusses the boxer, and at the last moment the hero—Mr. Boyne, of course—takes his place and wins the contest.

Mr. Boyne asked Mr. Corri to find him a professional boxer to take the part of his adversary. Mr. Corri found him a retired bruiser of the broken-nosed, bullet-headed type, who for a consideration consented nightly to be "knocked out" by Mr. Boyne.

All went well until "Treasury" night, when the "pug.", having drawn his salary, celebrated the occasion with some friends.

However, he turned up in the evening and duly stepped into the ring. Then, alas, obfuscation overcame him. He thought he was back at the N.S.C. fighting for a purse, and without further ado he sailed into the unfortunate actor, and knocked him through the ropes and "out."

He tells, too, a story of the great contest between Jimmy Britt and Johnny Summers.

Summers is a devout Catholic, and on entering the ring he crossed himself according to custom.

After the contest, the defeated Britt came up to Mr. Corri and said: "Waal, Mr. Corri, I've been beaten fair and square, but what I kant get over is Summers' invoking the Almighty to come and help beat a guy like me."

Mr. Corri is the soul of geniality, but he does not like interviewers who take advantage of his good nature to put absurd statements into his mouth.

For instance, he was lately credited with having said that in Bombardier Wells he had found a man who could lick Jack Johnson. Mr. Corri never said anything of the kind. All he did say was that Wells was a promising boxer, who, with training and experience, might one day reach heavyweight championship class.

There is no more popular man in the boxing world than "Genie" Corri, sportsman, and true type of English gentleman.

To meet him is a tonic, apart from the fact that he is sure to invite you to have one.

P. T. MASSINGER.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

NUMBER ONE

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

It chanced that the free-masonry of the Territorial Forces had, on my mentioning a certain regiment, given me the *entrée* to the little club of a Yeomanry Regiment, the headquarters of which are in a big North-country city.

Visitor-like, I cast my glance around the trophies, the photographs, the little mementos that go to make the smoke-rooms of such clubs little sanctuaries. I noted all of them rather idly, I fear, until I came upon the portrait of a slight-moustached, smiling, clear-cut-featured young man of pleasant countenance.

Then it was the old Sergeant-Major (who reminded me so much of my revered old friend at home) who, looking sometimes at the fire and sometimes at me, spoke of the man whose portrait gave to the room its note of ever-prevalent good-fellowship. Most of the other men were playing cards or smoking by the fire, but (ours had been a simple game of whist) all the members were content to pull out their cigarette-cases and pipes and let the cards go bang at the sound of the magic name of "Number One."

I saw each hand of cards silently packed up. It was a subject on which the Sergeant-Major rarely spoke, and there were those present, I am told, who had never heard the tale from the Sergeant-Major's lips.

* * * * * *

"That portrait you are looking at, sir, is of Lieutenant 'Dicky' Basing—our 'Number One.' A nice boy, a good boy, a grand boy, ready to help you out. . . . Ready to put aside his rank when off parade and mix with such of the old Squadron as were members in those days. . . . You must remember that I am talking of ten years ago. The ten years have aged me since my boy has been gone. (Yes, I speak of him as a father would. I put him through his facings, I helped him; he worked beside me—and he was my superior officer. But he was my son all the same—he that had no kith or kin living, the last of his line.)

"As I said, those ten years have aged me. Then I hadn't these grey hairs, these stupid old wrinkles. We deserved our name, which some of the gentlemen present will pardon me for saying that we do not now.

"Sir, they called us 'The Lady-killers.' Most of the young gentlemen went without extra suits to have their uniform properly attended to by a good tailor. We had some ground to go upon, but now—these slop suits of Khaki. . . . Bah! A badly-tailored army is a bad army, I tell you. A fighting-cock must be in fine feather, look how the tunics (I *can't* call them 'frocks') gather in an absurd bunch-up over the chest.

"Of course, we're the plain 'Yeomanry' now. Not a factory girl in this town would refer to us by our old title in these times.

"But when our 'Number One' was about things were different—very. All the regimental balls in the country sent us open invitations to fill up with our own names. We did several things well. Among others we danced well as we could shoot well. As far as fighting went, the opportunity to show whether we were worthy of our fine feathers had not yet presented itself. It was only the opening stage of the South African War, and they hadn't yet suggested that the auxiliary forces should take a hand. But those of us who were waiting for that opportunity had to fill up the time as well as we could until the whisper we had heard should be confirmed—until they should ask for the assistance of the Volunteers.

"Most anxious of all for that day was Lieutenant Richard Basing, a young man, as I have said, without kith or kin and, well, as much money as would satisfy most young gentlemen to settle down in the country with and go shooting nothing but game, and leave the shooting of men to the licensed plunderers and wreckers of each state in the wars that must continue to the end of Time. Most anxious of all was he to go to the War, and then—it is wonderful to think that the first thing that altered his ideas entirely was, to put it bluntly, the fact that the then Colonel of his Regiment found that his finances were in a shaky condition, and on going into figures he saw that the man who married his daughter would have to take her for love.

"But love in a cottage is played out. The Colonel had not stinted his daughter. He thought that affection on a small income would bore her to death inside three months. It was just matrimony she wanted on, say, two thousand a year, with a horse to ride and a country house to live in, and a little shooting as not exactly a *sine quâ non*—but almost so.

"Well, the man in the running there had been a Captain of this squadron—Captain John Dolford. Look—that's his portrait—there. As you will see, he was a fine man also, a little older, more perhaps of a responsible man than our light and airy, dashing 'Number One.' There is an inscription under that portrait which you shall read.

"And those two were friends. The Captain had pushed my boy on where I could not. He had set him in a firm place in the mess, encouraged him in all good works that an officer of Yeomanry worthy of his uniform should do. You will think me perhaps a jealous old man when I say that he did no more for him than I would have done had I the stars on my shoulder-chains . . . .

"But they were of an equal station in life. Their intercourse was not of that kind that existed between our 'Number One' and me. They were as brothers and he was my son, you see. They hunted together, they shot together, they talked of women, and although he had not come out unscathed by the good looks and soft glances of the Colonel's girl, yet our 'Number One' was in readiness to act as best man at his friend's wedding when — the Colonel took stock of his financial aspect.

"I suppose he must have put it pretty plainly to his daughter—and the Captain, everyone knew, had not, for a man in his position, a great deal to bless himself with. He had been, in addition, far too open-hearted and handed, and, like a good many officers of volunteers, he had disbursed sums in the interest of the squadron—large sums that he knew there was no hope that he would ever be repaid by the Government.

"All this the Colonel doubtless put before his daughter with observations regarding her duty to her family—which is often the lot of the daughters of poverty-stricken county families now the land has failed.

"I don't suppose her case was exceptional. Dolford, there is no doubt, was her man. And the old Colonel liked him. But the dignity of the family stepped in and—they asked young Dicky Basing, our 'Number One,' over to shoot a few of the mortgaged partridges.

"That was the beginning. Dinners followed, and there were walks in the grounds on open moonlight nights (that was, after Dolford had declared no intentions to ou :'Number One,' and laughing, too, wished him luck).

"The next thing that came to me officially was the job of getting the names of the men who would form the guard of honour at the marriage of the Colonel's daughter and Lieutenant Dicky Basing . . and was it for an old Sergeant-Major to counsel otherwise when matters were this far?

"I remember three things of that wedding and they are three faces. One is our 'Number One's' utterly happy smile, another is the sort of cheerful resignation on the face of my lady, and the last is Captain Dolford, who pulled at his moustache, just as he always did when the squadron, which he loved *almost* as much as my lady, went wrong on manœuvres. There was also plenty of champagne and some cheering. That is all I remember of the wedding, and then came the winter, Christmas, and the New Year's Eve, and with that New Year's Eve the usual Regimental Ball.

"We were, as I said, dancing men of the very first rank. (Such little glories as those being past now it is a pardonable boast to speak of them.) But the Squadron's Sergeant-Major had not been educated in that school, although, mind you, he admired it. . . . Yes, I watched and smoked cigars in the smoke-room off the ballroom, and thus I saw many things. I saw, among others, how my lady, the wife of our 'Number One,' was happy, even in the light embrace that dancing allows—of Captain Dolford. She was light, vivacious, gay as she danced.

"I sat in ambush behind the palms watching my boys—behind the palms so that they should not see quite how proud I was of them; and this old face of mine was ever a barometer of my feelings. (It doesn't always do, you know, to let your boys know you're over proud of them. They get conceited—and then its slack, slack, slack!)

"Well, I was behind those palms when they switched off the white lights and let the coloured electric-light festoons alone illumine the place for the last waltz. It was that 'Eileen Alannah' . . . So (the Sergeant-Major hummed, and waved his hand rhythmically). You know it, of course? Remember, I was behind the palms watching my boys, and the first bars were hardly over when they came tripping in—my lady and Captain Dolford. . . . They would have seen me if they had thrown a half-glance over their shoulders. I was discretion itself. I coughed—ahem! They were too interested in each other. . . . And the music swung on.

"'Peggy,' said the Captain, 'this is just our night, isn't it? . . . Just the first and the last. I'm putting my name down to morrow,' he said. 'They're wanting some mounted men at the War, I see. Well, I'm going. . . . So I've waltzed you into here to say good-bye.'

"My lady looked down.

"'Just—our—night,' she said a little sadly, and then she laughed again. 'Just the last.'

"But there was no mirth in the laugh. She waited a—a few bars. And then she said (as though referring to something they had spoken of before).

"'Well, let me tell you,' she said slowly, 'that what you have thought these two years is right. I loved you, Jack, and I married Dicky.'

"The Captain was looking at the points of his dancing boots.

"'Dear—good old Dicky,' he said very slowly, very heartily—a little sadly.

"'Dear, good old Dicky,' she repeated after him, and reverently. 'You speak of him just as a man does of a faithful old dog. And he's got the eyes of a—of one of his spaniels. Deep, brown, trusty eyes,' she said.

"'Dear, good old Dicky!'

"The Captain cut through her musings, leaning over and looking into her eyes,

"'There! You loved me then but you love him now!' he said in a sort of—broken triumph. Yes, that expresses it most nearly—broken triumph.

"'Love him? Of course I love him. . . . Could you help loving a faithful dog, a trusty dog with those dog's affectionate eyes?' said my lady.

"'But love is—love,' said the Captain doggedly but in some confusion. 'You love Dicky.'

"She looked at him.

"'Poor, poor English language,' she said, 'that it cannot express what love is to a woman. If it could be done in colours . . . see the blaze of the rising sun for—Jack. And then the pale blue light of late autumn day for—Dicky.'

"'But the sunrise is the matter of minutes and the day hours,' said the Captain. (You must remember, boys, that the soft music helped the Captain. At least, I think it must have done. It was not the phraseology I was used to hear from him.)

"'You—odd man,' said my lady, slowly.

"'No, I'm not odd. Again you must blame the English language. I love you, Peggy, and always shall; and why can I say that so coldly and deliberately?' said our Captain. 'Because just as in the case of the meaning of Love to a woman, the English language fails utterly to put into words exactly what friendship is to a man.'

"'But I think I know,' said my lady. 'And perhaps it is because Dicky can inspire such friendship that it hurts me less to say good-bye to Love, and say to you . . . When next we meet it must be when you show me your wife, Jack. . . .'

"Her lips shaped two words again. I did not hear them, but I read them in her big, burning eyes, 'Your wife' she said. And the concluding bars of the waltz died away. . . . We were standing at attention to 'God Save the Queen.'"

The Sergeant-Major rose, and conducted me to the portrait of Captain John Dolford.

"I did not probe into my boy's inmost secrets," he said. "But—he, too, went to the war with his friend. That suffices. He went to the war, and of that warring read this inscription. There are very few words, but they count for a lot that is not written down. They count for two friends lying under the veldt, and far from that which, in the case of many another pair of men, might have made trouble. Read it yourself aloud."

And this is the inscription beneath the crest:

"Captain John Dolford of this Regiment who was killed in a heroic but fruitless attempt to save Lieutenant Richard Basing, his comrade and friend. Spion Kop, Jan. 23rd, 1900."

AT THE BUTTS.

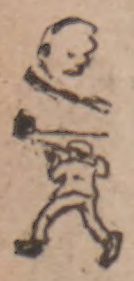
The shooting man is by no means exempt from the various minor ailments to which every sportsman is subject.

The eyes are often affected with varying degrees of unpleasantness by the powder blowing constantly back in them during shooting. A sudden dab in the organs of vision at the moment of firing, too, may cause one to wince and so spoil the score. It is a good plan to wear plain glass spectacles (ordinary glass as used for windows) or smoked ones when firing; and to bathe the eyes now and then during the competition and after with a mild solution of boric acid. In case the astringent effect of this is too strong for you, the addition of a little rose-water will put things right.

The ear-drums, too, are very commonly injured in a slight degree by the repeated reports; and for some reason the left ear is more quickly affected than the right. If your neighbour is slightly behind you, the effect is even more marked.

Cotton wool is very much used; but it has the drawback on hot days of sticking to the inside of the ear, and leaving small particles of fluff in them.

The best thing is a hollow rubber plug filled with sawdust; while, for private practice, small down pads tied over the ears deaden sound admirably.



BOOTS

A SUBJECT OF INTEREST TO EVERY MAN.

Some men collect boots as other men collect neckties or pewter mugs.

A friend of mine has between thirty and forty pairs of boots. Of course, he can only wear one pair at once, and some of them, I believe, he has never worn at all, but he takes a delight in them. He has them set on shelves, and he is never so happy as when going from one to the other, rubbing, polishing, and admiring. In short, boots are his hobby, and not a bad one either, for a man's boots are decidedly interesting.

My friend has a complete set of military boots, ranging from the lordly jack-boots of the Life Guardsman to the humble Bluchers of the "beetle-crusher," or "foot-slogger."

MILITARY BOOTS.

It also includes the Wellingtons, half-Wellingtons, and "Jemimas" of the Army officer. Wellingtons and half-Wellingtons are laceless boots, reaching knee or half-knee high, and are worn under their overalls by mounted men. They make the overalls fit well, and prevent them from creasing or going baggy.

"Jemimas," spring-sided boots, are supposed by regulation to be worn by infantry officers in full and mess dress, or whenever lacing boots are not worn in uniform, but, as a matter of fact, the great majority of infantry officers scorn "Jemimas" and wear Wellingtons, or half-Wellingtons, and straps, though from time to time officially forbidden to do so.

A hunting boot is to many men a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever," and, indeed, one can easily take an artistic delight in the delicate colouring of the "tops."

A TIP TO THE SPORTSMAN.

For the sportsman who goes afoot, the ideal boot is the "field boot." If that is not the right name, I mean that long boot reaching nearly to the knee, and shaped to the leg, which is also a lacing boot over the instep.

The best made non-lacing boot is bad for cross-country work afoot, because of the steady pressure on the instep, but the "field boot" is as easy and comfortable as an ordinary lacing boot, while it keeps the upper part of the leg warm and dry.

Crocodile leather boots are first-rate. They are rather too heavy and conspicuous for town wear, but for general use they are splendid, being practically indestructible.

Boots are a fine index to character. A gentleman's boots cannot be too "quiet"; the man who wears fancy or conspicuous boots is often a bit of a bounder. Brown button boots somehow or other never really smart, while the man who wears boots with knickerbockers deserves to be

A pair of sound, well-made, well-boots will carry off a threadbare suit shabby, flimsy, or down-at-heel boots nullify a frock coat and new silk hat.

FALSE ECONOMY.

It would be interesting to know why bands and Pecksniffs nearly always spring-sided boots.

As regards smart boots, patent le with light tops are undeniably dressy, trifle foppish, and the fancy leathers of they are made are by no means easy to in condition.

Patent leathers, in fact, are much less than formerly, and a well-made box-cal takes a lot of beating.

Glacé kid boots have their points, espe for people with tender feet, but they lose their shape, and a touch of blacking ruin them.

Some men think they show their mas by wearing "clodhopper" boots, but merely reveal their stupidity. Heavy for ordinary wear are not only ugly, senseless, for they are unnecessarily Even for country walking a medium boot is better than one bottomed with inch board.

Cheap boots are the falsest kind economy. It is much cheaper in the e have four pairs at two guineas each enough at 15s. a pair to last the same

If you want to preserve your boots, wear the same pair twice running, and them on open shelves, not on the floor damp cupboard.

G. WHITECHURCH.

WEIGHING-OUT AND WEIGHING-IN.

Jockeys weigh out for a race not less a quarter of an hour before the time.

Of course, if delay in a previous makes this impossible, the Stewards ex the time allowed.

In the case of a jockey who has weig but has not come under the starter's o being taken ill or incapacitated by acc from riding, another jockey may weigh his place.

Should a jockey intend to carry overweig he must declare the amount thereof at the of weighing-out.

Hood, muzzle, martingale, breastplate any horse-clothing must be put in the and included in the jockey's weight.

On the other hand, no whip, substitute whip, bridle, plates, or anything worn horse's legs is allowed in the scale either weighing-out or weighing-in.

Immediately after a race, the winner the must ride to the appointed place for saddling. The other jockeys may dismo within a reasonable distance. If, however, winner or his horse is disabled by illness accident from riding in, he may walk or carried to the scales.

If he is too ill to weigh in, his horse not necessarily be disqualified on that acco provided correct weight was declared to Clerk of the Scales when weighing-out.

It a jockey when weighing-in makes than 2lbs. over his correct or declared weig his horse shall be disqualified unless Stewards are satisfied that the overweight due to wet.

If a jockey is short of weight, his horse course, is disqualified.

If the winner dismount before reaching proper unsaddling place, or touch any per or thing except his own equipments be weighing-in, his horse is disqualified unl the Stewards are satisfied that it was accidentally, or that he was justified in w he did by extraordinary circumstances.

PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR

A COMPARISON OF THE TWO TYPES.

By R. WHITTINGHAM, of the Chelsea F.C.

The amount of ink that has been spilt, ever since football became the great winter game, over the pros and cons of amateurism and professionalism, and also the recent split between the F.A. and the A.F.A., have served to hold up amateurs and professionals to the public in a widely different light. Indeed, in many circles there is a certain amount of partisanship displayed, which is to be deplored, inasmuch as it is contrary to the interests of real sport.

But it cannot be denied—even if anybody wanted to deny it, and, as far as I know, nobody does—that, in a multiplicity of ways, there is a very great difference between the amateur and the professional. And it may not be uninteresting to inquire, without prejudice, and giving to each his due, in what respects this difference exists.

THE OUTER MEN.

First of all, in appearance there is a wide divergence. As a general rule, you will find the amateur a taller man than the professional, but the latter gets his own back in the matter of physique. He is stockier in build, sturdier on his legs, and broader about the shoulders. You will find, too, that the amateur is a tremendous dandy. His shirt is spotlessly clean, and tidily adjusted, his stockings never, under any circumstances, come down (I shrewdly suspect that he wears tight elastics to keep them up), and his knickers are things of beauty. In some cases, they have a crease in them.

With this Beau Brummel of the football field contrast the professional. His shirt and knickers are pretty nearly always encrusted with the mud of half the grounds of England, and so long as his legs enjoy perfect freedom he doesn't care a toss what his socks look like. They can—and do—come down repeatedly, but that does not worry him.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BOOTS.

The only point that he is particular about is that his boots shall absolutely fit him like gloves. This is not vanity. It is sound good sense. A man with a well-made pair of boots that fit him, can "feel" the ball, almost as well as if his feet were bare. For this reason, a very great many professional footballers have their boots "made to measure"; an amateur hardly ever troubles to do this. But it is long odds that he would, if he realised what a vast difference it makes, not only to his dribbling, passing, and shooting, but in no less degree, to his endurance as well. A man with feet that hurt him is of very little use on the football field.

Writers who take up partisanship with amateurs as against professionals are very prone to twit the latter with the fact that their interest is the sordid one of monetary gain, whereas the amateur plays for the love of the game. At any rate, does the fact that the professional is paid make him any the less a sportman? Is it anything in his disfavour that he chooses, as a means of livelihood, the game in which he takes so great a delight? That the professional takes the keenest interest in the game, despite the fact that he is a paid player, is proved by the enormous rise in the standard of play since professionalism became general.

Since then football has developed from a game into a science. It is one of the longest sciences, too, to learn, and those who become proficient in it are only the few. It is doubtful whether three-quarters of the people who watch first-class football every Saturday realise the consummate skill that is being put forth on the field. It was not so always. It is the professional whom we have to thank for the enormous strides made in the great winter game.

Nowadays, the manœuvres, the tactical skill, indulged in by two first-class professional teams, can be only feebly described by the word wonderful. In such a game, the amateur, even the good amateur, who might even play for his University, a good dribbler and as fast as a hare, would be entirely out of his element. Although his dribbling, his tackling, and whatnot, might *per se* be as good as that of any professional, still he would fail—and fail dismally—through a lack of football tactics, of the *finesse* of the game.

SOME NOTABLE AMATEURS.

The amateur, strangely enough, tries to play a scientific rather than a bustling game; but, unfortunately, he is not, and never will be, scientific enough. Of course, there are brilliant exceptions in the persons of amateurs, who, if they turned professional, would be worth every cent. of their salaries. We do not need to look further than Vivian Woodward, or, in his day, C. B. Fry, whose work at back sent terror to the hearts of opponents of the Southampton Club in the old days.

Another instance of an amateur who attained the first class is Lintott of Bradford City, who only recently turned professional.

But it is only natural that a man who cannot give all his time to the game will never be as good as one who can, and what is more, the amateur does not train properly. In fact, I never knew an amateur who trained at all. The result is that amateur teams tire very quickly. Against bustling professional play, they cannot go two "forty-fives."

ON HALF-BACK PLAY.

It is interesting to note that whereas amateurs may sometimes approximate closely to professional form in forward and back play, the pro. is streets ahead of him in the matter of half-back play.

The amateur is not so "judgmatic" in his feeding, and his tackling is generally feeble. If he misses, he does not worry his man as a good half should. He does not hop about in front of him, and try to badger him off the ball.

When he "feeds" he almost always kicks the ball with the toe, and not with the *inside* of the foot as he should.

But be this as it may, the average amateur is an enthusiast and plays a clean game, and the pro. is far too good a sportsman to deny any of his good qualities.

A POOR MAN'S HUNTING.

SHOWING HOW THE GLORIES OF THE CHASE ARE WITHIN THE REACH OF THE MAN WITH MODERATE MEANS.

There are a number of sports in which many men would give a great deal to take part, but they are debarred from doing so by the consideration of ways and means. They feel that the expenses would be too great.

One of these sports is polo, and another is hunting.

Granted, however, that polo is actually a game that offers itself only to the wealthy few, a little consideration ought to make it clear that hunting is by no means an unattainable pleasure for the man of moderate means.

Take, for instance, the case of the man who works in London for a small salary five days out of the seven. In nine cases out of ten—nay, in ninety-nine out of a hundred—he runs away with the idea that a day's hunting is quite beyond his means, and has perforce to satisfy himself with some outdoor game which excites for him only a secondary interest, such, for instance, as golf or football. And all the time he tries to quell the call that is being made to his soul by the sweet scent of open English country, and the music of hounds as they bound along over it, with the field gamely following behind them.

But why should he?

A noble writer in the Badminton Library, speaking on this subject, says "The true pleasures of hunting are known only by those who hunt from home," and he quotes Charles Kingsley's remark about "The wholesome feeling of being at home among friends."

But though there is a certain amount of truth in the contention that it is the dweller in the hunting-district itself who sees the best sport, this does not mean that the man who hunts from London cannot enjoy a thoroughly good "day" now and again. With regard to good-fellowship, sportsmen—least of all hunting men—are never so clannish as to try to "freeze out" a stranger.

And now a word about ways and means.

The busy man, who works every day of the week, except Saturday and Sunday, cannot, of course, travel far afield. The Hunt he will probably choose, therefore, will be one of the following: Essex or Essex Union (which, by the way, hunt mostly over ploughland), Surrey or Surrey Union, West Kent, Burstow, Old Berkeley, or the Hertfordshire.

In the case of most of these, by starting from London at about 9 a.m., you can be at the meet at 10.30 or so, which is generally the time that they throw off.

Mark you, periodical hunting from London will certainly not commend itself to men who are wedded to their slumbers. It will entail rising before the dawn on chilly mornings, dressing by the flickering light of the candle or the sickly flare of the gas. It will mean the hastiest of breakfasts, and a sprint for the train. But the hunting man who would grudge his morning's repose for a glorious gallop over English country is not worthy of the name.

Now about your horse or horses. If your finances are such as permit of your keeping one or two horses in town and taking them with you, so much the better, for you can choose your own hunt. But we are writing chiefly for the man of slender means who cannot, indeed, afford to keep a horse at all.

Well, why not leave the question of your mount to a reputable stable-keeper? He will let you have a horse for the day at prices ranging, according to the value of the animal, from twelve shillings to £2 2s. Moreover, it is not altogether unlikely that you may "chum up" as time goes on with some genial soul who will offer you a mount now and again.

J. W. ROBINS.

THE NECESSITARIAN.

A SKETCH.

By C. J. NEWTON.

I climbed the stairway into an atmosphere of pitch pine and the sound of a plane travelling over wood. The hilarious apprentice—they called him "Carrots" because of his hair—surreptitiously grinned at me when I stumbled over a shavings-concealed chunk of oak wood, and his senior, the improver, corrected him with a glance.

I was that type of being that is yet sacred to some workshops. I was Capital. I wanted something done at a price by Labour.

I had been advised to take my little job to old Borking at Bullers', Limited, the great contractors. If I saw him, I was told the shed that I wanted built would rise mushroom-like in one night, a thing of beauty and an expense for the moment. Small jobs of this description were Borking's special department. I was led to believe that Borking revelled in doing small jobs for the Bullers, Limited, that sheds, chicken runs, corrugated-iron roofed small garages, were his especial joy in life. Therefore I went into the big yard and said: "I want to see Mr. Borking."

"Oh," said one, "you mean 'Small Jobs'!"

I found him after wading ankle deep through shavings. I said "good morning." He went on planing. . . . Then he put put down his plane and tested his work with a spirit level.

The little liquid globule trembled blanc-mange-like beneath the glass, and finally was still in the dead centre of the marking line.

He did not evince any satisfaction whatever. He replaced the spirit level, mechanically, upon the bench, and turned to me.

"I've a small job——" I began, somewhat nervously.

A carpenter who has reached the stage that is *blasé* about supremely successful effort is a man either to be respected or feared. I had expected him to look at me a little triumphantly as much as to say, "There you are. That's the way to plane a board!"

As things turned out, he cut my sentence short and said colourlessly:

"When do you want it done, and what is it?"

I produced, rather proudly, the home-made plan of the proposed addition to my messuage, with scale measurements and various elevations all complete.

"Did that last night," said I. I wanted to stimulate his interest.

"That's a pity," he said. "Roof at that angle would never do for a place that size, and so that puts out the rest. If you just let me take the measurements? . . . Thank you, sir. That's all right. If you leave it to me I'll run it up on Friday. Cost you about six pounds. Better see the young guv'nor about *that*."

Now, there is nothing like keeping in with a man who is going to do a job of this description for you. "I hear," I said, "that you're A1 at these small jobs, Mr. Borking."

He picked up a hammer and an inch and a half chisel and started on a marked-out piece of wood that was clamped in the vice.

"I ought to be," he said. "I have been at 'em long enough."

I watched him at his work. How exactly that chisel kept the line!

"It must," I murmured half beneath my breath, "be interesting work."

"Interesting!" For the first time I caught a note of expression in his voice. "Interesting! It might be to you if you started now fair and square. I'd give you as long as five years for—for interest if you're one that likes making things. Yes, five years, and after that you or any other man working under

Bullers or their like would be—*me!* Yes—me. You—(but I won't talk of you. *You* want me to run up a shed for you!) Anyway, I was going to say that under existing conditions see how much any what-you-might-call enthusiastic maker of things has in the trade after those five years. As I said, he'd be *me*."

"And not a bad job, either, I should say," I volunteered. "Good money, clean work, and foreman of the Small Jobs. There are worse situations in all trades."

"Of course, there are. That's just it. . . . A good carpenter goes on—er——"

"I know. He goes on planing a board exactly, and chiselling without the most minute of deviations."

"*As* you said. But the best of him gets just the stipulated so much per hour for the same sort of work all the year round. Look at this slip. I put the names o' the chaps there and their time here. There ain't no mention of a bit extra for good work. You make a mistake and you can pack up your tools—quick. So in all trades and in all things that you make with your hands for household and common necessities there's no interest.

"Work ain't a thing you go to cheerfully. You don't go whistlin'. You ain't got the sporting hopes of a street hawker. Barring you've capital to start a business of your own, work's always dead, lumpy, and heavy. It's nothingness! So you have got to go on the booze and drown your discontent. You work because you're afraid, and that ain't the way to work."

"Afraid of what?" I asked.

"Hunger," he said. "A vacancy here." He indicated the top of his apron.

"But sometimes," he went on; "we ——"

He stopped suddenly.

A man in a Trilby hat had entered. I had only to catch a glimpse of the colour of his tie to size him up. It was red.

He beckoned to Borking, and without a murmur Borking put down his tools. They held converse for a half minute or so.

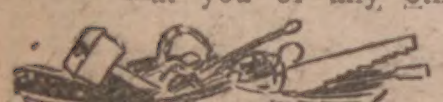
Borking nodded and came back to me, putting on his coat as he walked.

"'Fraid your shed won't get run up this Friday," he said.

"Local strike," he added briefly.

"Not enough money?" I asked.

"The discontented ones will put it down to that, I suppose," said Small Jobs. "But 'twixt you and me, sir, it's all through not enough—interest. And the funny thing is that neither side know it."



REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

X.—GAOL-BIRD PALS.

Fleet Street attracts to its dingy courts and alleys the flotsam and jetsam of the world and abounds in quaint characters.

At one time the arm of the law was kept so busy plucking evil-doers from the circle of my acquaintances that I began to be seriously concerned for my own safety.

Yet they were not half bad chaps, these wrong 'uns. For example, there was the "Major." According to his own account he had been an officer in a crack cavalry regiment. No doubt he had been in the Service, but I believe he left it with the rank of Sergeant-Major. The fact that the Sergeant-Major of a regiment is known to his subordinates as the "'Major" probably reconciled ——'s conscience (if he had one) to the adoption of his title.

Goodness knows what wind blew the "Major" into Fleet Street, but he started a sporting weekly. It was not a bad little sheet by any means, but a pleasing uncertainty attended the date of its appearance. I was connected with it for about three months, and never once did it come out on its nominal day of publication. Twice a whole week passed without its appearing at all.

The office was a sort of doss-house for indigent journalists. Often the editor, staff and half a dozen or so hangers-on slept on the floor.

The assistant-editor was an ex-Methodist minister. He had the worst temper, the widest flow of bad language, and the most insatiable thirst of any man I ever met.

About once a week a jury of matrons assembled at the office. This was not for the usual purpose. They were ladies whom at one time or another in his varied career the "Major" had married. Sometimes they fought, but as a rule they were quite amicable, and none of them dreamt of giving the "Major" away.

When the printer's patience was finally exhausted, the ever-versatile "Major" started an employment agency. I don't believe he meant any harm, but the police took a narrow view of his operations, and he "went up the road."

Then there was Jobson (the name is fictitious). Jobson came of good family, and on reaching his majority inherited £9,000. With this he started out to break Tattersall's. A year later found him a racing reporter at 25s. a week. Jobson was a heaven-born borrower. He was the only man I knew who could get into a newspaper office about midnight and "touch" the news editor for half a dollar.

Some slight informality in connection with the cashing of cheques led to his disappearance from his usual haunts.

It is said that it is difficult for the ex-gaol-bird to obtain employment. The last time I saw Jobson was at an exhibition banquet where he was present as the representative of a big steamship company.

Smithson was of the "Raffles" type; a newspaper "special" by day, a burglar by night. It came as a great shock when he was caught, for he was a man of most agreeable manners and wide knowledge.

Turning to quaint but not criminal characters, there was ——, ex-Jesuit priest, doctor of science, and boxing reporter.

There was "Daddy" O'Brien, a venerable white-haired black-and-white artist, who, through years of adversity, had clung to a beautiful fur coat.

When sober, "Daddy" had the manners of a Castilian Don, but when he had taken drink his one ambition was to kill a policeman, and his vocabulary would have made a Billingsgate porter shudder.

C. G. BULKSLEY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MR. BROWN OF THE "GENTS"

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

In Perry and Pontley's Stores there were many insignificant people, and a few who were just the opposite. Perry and Pontley's employed some hundreds of assistants. Perry and Pontley's were very big people in their way.

They were a Firm with a very capital F. They were an Establishment with a very superior E. They had their connection, their clientele, as well as their new customers, some thousands of which were added annually under the heading of "new accounts," and the shareholders in Perry and Pontley's, Limited, were suitably impressed when they read the speech of the managing director at the Annual General Meeting, who always congratulated them on a successful year, and upon their position as shareholders in Perry and Pontley's, Limited. For years, the dividends had averaged twenty per cent.

The original Perry and the somewhat unoriginal Pontley had long since shuffled off into the special heaven reserved for successful business men who have bravely gone on applying the flail to their subordinates until those subordinates have finally achieved the annual two or three more per cent. of increase over and above the last dividend.

The present Perry kept racehorses, and the present young Pontley kept other fine animals. And those fine animals would have turned up their noses at the very best models in Perry and Pontley's.

Yet with these usual young men we have no concern at the moment. They did their duty. They paid their assistants something and paid it regularly once a month. They told their managers to suggest to assistants who emulated Oliver Twist and asked for more, that shop assistants could be had in tens of thousands; that it was immatefial either to Perry or to Pontley whose hands guided the scissors that ripped off a few yards of glacé silk. Beyond that they were good taskmasters. They housed their young gentlemen and young ladies well, they looked after their morals. They insisted on their young ladies being in the Ladies' House at the back of the Establishment by ten o'clock. They were angry when the "gentlemen" failed to have passed the doorkeeper by eleven o'clock on working days and twelve midnight on Saturdays.

They contributed to the Lord Mayor's various funds in three figures and, in fact, one might follow a line of reasoning that would show Perry and Pontley's, Limited, a balance on the credit side of the Earth's account.

Under these circumstances it is strange to think that, were the Earth's accounts exhaustively audited, it would be found that it is the heaviness of the sorrows of its Mr. Browns that sadly outweighs the good that accrues from the existence of such establishments as Messrs. Perry and Pontley's, Limited.

Now, of the significant people in Messrs. Perry and Pontley's none was more so than Miss Belinda Bisson. When you were allowed to call her "Lindie" you were privileged indeed. She was pretty. She was homely. She had her pride, of course, because you could not put her down as "common." That is what the silver-haired Miss Murgatroyd, who was housekeeper over at the Ladies' House, said. You could not put her down as anything but the "daughter of very nice respectable people."

This Miss Murgatroyd had a strange way of determining the true class of the new young ladies. She examined their laundry when it came home—because you can never judge the status of a girl by her dress or the frill of her petticoat. It is the care with which more intimate articles are selected, kept, and mended that classify the young ladies of Messrs. Perry and Pontley's most accurately.

But, even as the young swains of the Silks and the Gents' outfitting knew her, she was voted "classy."

"You can't have any half-larks with Miss Bisson," said Percy Punnett, her most ardent admirer. "A jolly good sort of girl she is—and, between you and me, a lady born. Shouldn't be surprised if her father's got a shop down at her home you know. She lives somewhere in Nottin'hamshire, I believe, and knows the cost price of everything in the Ribbons and the Haby., and wholesale firms' names roll off her tongue as easily as they do off the buyers'. Chinnery, the city man, says she knows every wholesale house from Little Britain to Aldermanbury—so it's even bettin' that her people are in the rag-trade themselves."

It would have been beneath the dignity of the knowledgeable Mr. Punnett to call the Drapery business anything but the rag trade. He would as soon have thought of spelling socks in any manner other than "sox."

When the new Mr. Brown took up his duties they were highly critical. He was, it seemed, a funny little man—stuck-up little turkey-cock—very peremptory—bumptious little beggar (I give a few out of a generous handful). They saw in him the correct deportment of the up-to-date shopwalker, and sighed a little for old Daly, with whom one could have larks. To add to his delinquencies he made early acquaintance with Miss Lindie Bisson and became a prime favourite with her.

Even Percy Punnett got fewer nice glances now, and it was noticed distinctly that she never regarded Percy at all when the new shopwalker happened to be looking at her. Surely Lindie . . . But, no. It would be too bad. And yet it seemed more apparent every day that she was more than partial to this new, middle-aged shopwalker who, as Percy Punnett gloomily explained, could take a living-out wage and get married. . . . There were times when it was possible to catch Mr. Brown looking quite old, too—times when his clear complexion and his black never-deranged hair could not keep age out of his face.

Time went on, and a young man, who had been dismissed by the managing director for unheard-of "sauce," celebrated his parting day by announcing to the Gents' Outfitting generally that Mr. Brown pencilled his eyebrows and rouged his face! (Sensation!)

Keen examination proved it, and Percy Punnett was in the seventh heaven of delight, for further examination, made as closely as was possible, convinced him that Mr. Brown's glossy hair was not his own.

That night Percy went to bed in his dormitory a happier man. Not even the conversation of his neighbour who could not get to sleep until long after he had retired took his mind off the one great thing. Brown wore a wig without a doubt. He rouged his cheeks slightly and pencilled his eyebrows—yet that old bit of artificiality dared to force his attentions on Miss Bisson—*his* "Lindie"!

Now, the great thing was—how delicately to inform Miss Bisson of this in a manner that she would not think savoured of unsportsmanlike behaviour? Yes, that was the trouble, for if Miss Bisson *did* come through the Gents' Outfitting more often than was absolutely necessary yet it was only to smile at the new shopwalker. . . .

What he could not understand, at the odd times when the shopwalker was not looking, was that Miss Bisson was none the less pleasant to him than heretofore.

At the "Social" at which the shopwalker was not present (strangely enough), he had danced with Lindie several times, and of those dances he had pleasant memories. That was a strange thing also.

Perhaps, artful girl, she wanted two strings to her bow? But, no—one could not think of duplicity in connection with Lindie. Yet the point uppermost in Mr. Percy Punnett's mind was that the shopwalker's falseness (of hair and general appearance) must be exposed at the earliest possible opportunity.

He did not have to wait long for this desirable state of affairs, for, the day after the Social, Fortune very kindly showed the way.

It happened during what is known as "a rush." Even Mr. Brown had to serve a customer, as the managing director had a stringent rule on this point. No one was to be allowed to leave the shop un-served.

To get a boxful of vari-patterned shirts, Mr. Brown had to perform rather an acrobatic feat to reach to the top of the fixture. Percy Punnett, whose customer at that moment had left after buying nothing (and Percy had got out no less than twelve tie-boxes) watched him with a show of interest. Even for a middle-aged man he was doing it clumsily, and Percy was pleased to see Miss Bisson cross the shop at that moment, and pause, looking anxiously at the shopwalker who was now reaching stiffly for the box. (Percy could loop up the ladder and do it in an instant). Mr. Brown had pulled the box half-out when he overbalanced and came down flat on his face behind the counter.

Almost ere Mr. Punnett could, out of politeness, attempt to assist him to rise, Miss Bisson had rushed to the artificially-adorned shopwalker's aid.

They got the insensible man into something of a better position. As they moved him his wig dropped off, showing the white hair underneath. (Yet, strangely enough, Miss Bisson did not seem at all surprised.)

"It's all right. Nasty knock, that's all. You go. We'll see after him—Lindie," said Mr. Punnett, taking off the shopwalker's collar.

He idly noted the marking-inked name written inside. . . . It was palpably Lindie's writing, and the name was "*Bisson*"!

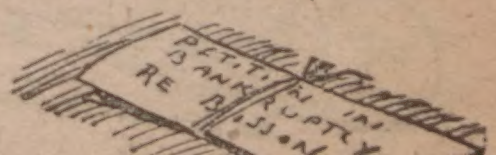
"He's my father," said Lindie simply.

A doctor who happened to be in the shop bent over the old man and said something, and Miss Bisson was heard to sob bitterly. . . . In a dazed manner Mr. Percy Punnett watched them carry the man from the shop.

Upon the doorstep a provincial customer observed to the doctor that it was only "old Bisson" who, having steadily lost his trade, had gone utterly bankrupt a month since.

"Competition's very keen—with these London shops selling everything, too," said the doctor.

And they bade each other good morning on the steps of the Establishment—the like of which had assisted to ruin "Mr. Brown."



similarly-dressed privates—(yes, privates. That's our real title under the new Act). I say you may be able to pick out one that perhaps you know best. . . . (Oh, hear me out, and play on—play on.)

"Yes, you may be able to pick that particular private out. But you will walk by him again on your way out—you to sip a glass of champagne at the wedding-breakfast, while he will be having beer—unlimited beer—beer brewed by a brewer—and dispensed in cans, all at the expense of the good lieutenant, your brother. We shall raise our tankards and drink the health of our young officer and his bride."

He paused.

"Can't you see," he whispered, "why I thank God because it cuts you to hear me say 'sir' to your brother? Can't you see what *another* marriage would be even if the opposition were got over? Look, all this has taught me just why I must remember I am a—a private. This English home, these portraits of your father and your grandfather who commanded a brigade at Inkerman . . . ."

He took her suddenly in his strong arms.

"Can't you see that I'm breaking my heart for love of you!" he murmured low. "Can't you see that this is the first and the last. . . . And that I must go—*now!*"

In the hall there was a jingle of spurs, and the voice of the son of the house singing gaily from "Pinafore":

"For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman,
That he is an Englishman!"

PEN AND INK "DAUBS."

The present writer numbers among his friends a man whose pictures excite the admiration of everybody who goes to his rooms.

They are mostly in the impressionist style, sketches of rivers by night, with dark trees on the bank, and, here and there, the light of a small boat showing white against the blackness. They look very effective; but their owner modestly calls them "pen and ink daubs."

Almost any man can do a fairly effective pen and ink daub after a few attempts. All you need is a small bottle of ink and a sheet or two of white scribbling paper—for preference, with a rough surface. The instrument with which you apply the ink to the paper is an ordinary spill of paper, used as a brush.

Dip this in the ink, and daub on your paper the darker objects in your imaginary picture, leaving the lighter ones to the last. A round patch of untouched paper will make a good moon, and banks of dark cloud can be introduced by a few more touches of ink.

You will probably make rather a "mess" of your first two or three attempts, but with perseverance you will probably turn out a good many quite passable pictures, which will merit a place on your walls.

WHEN JOHNSON BIT THE DUST.

Great boxer though he is, Jack Johnson does not hold an unbeaten certificate. He first bit the dust in March, 1901, when he was knocked out by Joe Choynski in three rounds.

Then on March 28, 1905, he lost on points, at San Francisco, to Marvin Hart, after twenty rounds, and a few months later in the same year he lost on a foul to his brother black, Joe Jeannette.

More recently, the "Cowboy" boxer, Stanley Ketchell, all but had Johnson down and out.

Johnson has fought several draws, while on a good many occasions "no decision" has been the result of his efforts.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE ROAD IN THE SMALL HOURS.

Cycling beneath a broiling sun may have its advantages; a steady spin through the warm air of twilight certainly provides an enjoyable pastime, but for the most glorious sensation of all, for delicious uncertainty and for unexpected happenings, night riding cannot be equalled.

By night riding, I do not mean cycling in the hours immediately following sunset or the act of ploughing through evening traffic. My ideal time lies between the hours of midnight and three, and, for locality, I refer mainly to those thinly-populated districts where each passing village is wrapped in sleep, and where mile after mile flits by without a soul (other than the cyclist himself) disturbing Nature's rest.

THROUCH THE NIGHT MISTS.

The fascination of a valley, filled to its utmost with thick, white mist, is indescribable. You spin along a narrow open road, skirting the top of a ridge of hills, while at your side lies that deep basin of fog, in the obscure depths of which you know to exist the habitations of men.

But your own time for submersion is at hand, and as the grey ribbon of road takes a sudden dip into an unexpected dale you are plunged into that thick, cold atmosphere yourself.

On emerging, you find the surrounding country thickly wooded. Trees mingle their branches over the roadway, and if it happens that autumn is in its advanced stages, the skeleton-like outlines of the curiously shapen twigs conjure up strange ideas within you.

Instinctively you pedal forward at a dangerous pace in the hope of regaining the charms and security of open country.

DECEPTIVE CRADIENTS.

There are some strange illusions connected with night riding. Often, the road seems to ascend at a startling angle in front of you, while the machine free-wheels—apparently uphill. But, alas! when a glorious downgrade seems to open out before you, the pedals begin to stick, and it needs hard work to make any headway.

It may be that you are returning over the road you traversed earlier in the day—or, rather, on the previous day. In the outward journey loose stones seemed to impede your progress at every point along the road, and you conducted something like a little obstacle race in dodging them.

Yet now, in the depths of night, with a lamp carried merely with the object of rendering you exempt from a fine, no detail can be distinguished on the ground. So you push recklessly on, and, strange to say, the machine seems to pick out the clear path, and in this operation it is far more successful than was its rider when outward bound.

For unknown country roads, however, a strong lamp is almost indispensable. Often a road is "up" or its repairs are but half-finished. As the road does not exactly merit the title of highway, the authorities seem to consider red lights of warning quite unnecessary. Many a nasty spill has resulted from the action of a speedy cyclist dashing into unmade macadam.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Then there is the repair outfit. A man unfamiliar with the ways of cyclists would imagine mention of this subject to be quite needless. Yet the number of riders who trust themselves out in the early hours, far away from civilisation, without patches, solution, and chalk is astonishingly great.

Many a cyclist will you meet plodding along a deserted lane with a punctured tyre, twenty miles from anywhere, after midnight.

His thanks and praises when you offer the loan of an outfit could not be greater were you a saint especially sent to succour him.

After these two all important items comes the desirability of having the next most useful thing—a companion.

While a lonely night spin has its moments of inspiration, so also it can give a melancholy fit of the "blues," or, worse still, the "jumps."

A companion may be put to innumerable uses. Together you may admire those strange freaks in which Nature indulges while man sleeps; you may comment on the weird odours that arise from haystacks, clusters of trees, and miscellaneous vegetation, and you have a witness to prove the strange stories to be related of that adventurous ride.

A. Donnelly Aitken.

A MAN'S LEISURE HOURS.

Why is it that so few men know how to take their leisure really sensibly?

The average man—the man of muscle rather than any overplus of brains—spends his leisure in the field of sport or in the gymnasium. He has been working hard in his office or workshop all day, and he works hard or harder at his play; but if you told him he was burning the candle at both ends, he would laugh.

The brainy man, the novelist, the scientist, the barrister, or the journalist, spends his scanty allowance of leisure racking his tired brains over some problem play.

The man who has to work either manually or mentally, should take his leisure in the form of complete relaxation, either of body or brain.

BRAINS IN BOXING.

In a considerable number of sports and games you will hear men talking about the value of playing with your head; and in none does this apply more than in boxing.

In boxing, if you are to be any good at all, you must use your brains. The man who learns a few rules of attack and defence, and then sets himself to put them mechanically into practice, will always be a mediocre exponent of the fistic art.

To win a boxing contest you must out-general the other man, you must lead him on to put himself momentarily at your mercy, and when he does this, you must make all possible use of the chances he gives you. Hence it follows, other things being equal, that the "brainier" man will always win.

A SPRINTER IN THE MAKING

A NOVEL TRAINING THAT MAKES FOR SPEED.

Though, of course, there are many men who will never be good sprinters, it is practically undeniable that the really fast runner is the product of training and not of nature. The sprinter is not born, but made.

The ways of "making" him are many, and most of them are materially similar, but perhaps the best of all is wildly divergent from the majority, and we will give it here.

First of all, when the average man decides to take up sprinting, he does so with a sublime disregard for the condition of his muscles.

He forgets that sprinting is no more nor less than a short but violent effort of muscle and *will*—in the same way as lifting a weight.

The muscles must be got into condition gradually before doing any sprinting proper. Think first of strengthening the muscles of the legs, back, and shoulders. Walk as much and as energetically as possible; run occasionally distances up to half a mile, not too strenuously, and exercise with light dumb-bells on the following system.

Begin with the arms, using dumb-bells of 1lb. or 2lb. in each hand. Imitate in your exercise the motions of the arms in running. Stiffen them, but keep them just a little bent at the elbow, and jerk them backwards and forwards, so that an effect is felt upon the side, and in a lesser degree the leg.

STRENGTHENING THE MUSCLES.

The forearm should pass quickly *across* the body, which should be held fairly stiff; and a surprising increase will be made in the quickness of your stride.

Think, too, of the muscles of the ribs and shoulder. They come in for much more work and hardship than the casual runner would imagine—especially at the present season of the year.

A sprinter, racing against the wind, will often suffer great soreness and stiffness next morning in the ribs and shoulders, while his legs perhaps may be quite unaffected.

Some sort of bending exercise, stretching down sideways and touching the ground with the dumb-bells, is excellent for the purpose in question.

The best way of moving the legs in a sprint is a subject which always evokes a torrent of discussion when it is mooted among a company of sprinters, for the style varies with the man.

Some men have been known to do fast times running bandy-legged, others run nearly flat-footed, some move with a swing from side to side; and others spin along easily in the classic "daisy-clipping" style.

STYLE AND ACTION.

If you have a strong leaning towards any particular form of movement, it would be almost fatal to alter it; for a runner is almost always spoiled if his natural action is interfered with.

But never forget the one great *sine quâ non* of sprinting, stepping *low* and *short*.

Keep yourself as near the ground as possible, and, in training, increase rather than lessen your weight, so as to attain that end.

Not only will fairly heavy weight increase your impetus, but it will assist you to keep your stride close to the ground, so that you will waste no energy in a high action, but will clip the daisies, as it were, with your toes.

Do not affect a lengthy stride. Six feet is quite enough for any sprinter, and if you can keep within that limit throughout the race so much the better for you. Towards the end of the hundred yards, however, your supreme efforts to increase your speed will be such as to make you overstep the six-foot limit, but do not overstep it more than you can help.

A professional sprinter's movement, at any rate over the first ten yards or so, looks almost like walking. There is hardly any lift of the knee, and apart from the jerking of arms and elbows, there is little appearance of hurry.

Practising without your usual spiked shoes should not be indulged in, and while attired in ordinary walking costume it is hardly advisable to "take on" any of your friends who wish to test their own prowess in comparison with your own.

In training there is no need to follow any distinct rule as regards style. I have witnessed races in which huge men with elephantine strides, thin runners who keep their hands opened out throughout the entire race, and other innumerable varieties of the sprinter, have all given good accounts of themselves.

There is quite as much individuality about the runner's style as there is about the action of a cricketer, or the tactics of an association football player, though, perhaps, this is not often realised.

G. MILLWOOD.

DETERMINATION AND OBSTINACY.

There are two essentially human qualities between which it is particularly difficult to distinguish. These are determination and obstinacy.

But as a general rule the former is a sign of moral strength, whereas the latter is generally the concomitant of weakness of character.

The man who insists on doing the things that please him, or that he thinks will cause inconvenience to those whom he does not like, fondly fancies that he is a determined man. But he is only obstinate.

But the man who rigidly sticks to what he considers is right, be it pleasant or distasteful to himself, has the enviable quality of determination.

BRUISES.

Practically every athlete sustains a bruise now and again; but there are a good many who are not quite clear in their minds how to treat these minor but distinctly painful ailments.

The best treatment, bar none, is the application of intensely cold water. Its effect is to contract the small blood vessels and thus lessen the outpouring of blood under the skin, for the effusion of blood is the actual cause of bruises and also of the swelling that generally accompanies them.

Ice, too, should be continually applied to the injured part; or if this is unobtainable a "cold-water pad," frequently changed, should be used. A spirit such as brandy or eau de Cologne is a good thing to mix with the water for the "pad," for its evaporation will increase the cold.

If the bruise is a bad one, it will take some days to get rid of. After the first day or two, the ice or cold-water pads may be discontinued and gentle rubbing resorted to instead.

If possible the injured part should be supported in a raised position, in a sling, or on a chair, for rest considerably hastens recovery.

RUGBY GIANTS OF THE PAST.

THE OLD BRIGADE AND THE NEW.

The question is often raised whether present-day Rugby players are as good as their predecessors of the seventies, eighties, and nineties. It is an unprofitable query, because no practical comparison is possible, Rugby having changed so greatly in tactics. Still to an "old crock" it does seem that there were giants in the old days whose like has yet to be seen again on the Rugby field.

Our first "giant" was a little man, o comparatively so. I refer to Mr. A. R. Don Wauchope, the old Fettesian and Scottish International half, or quarter-back, as he was known in those days. Englishmen will probably set the late Alan Rotherham or Adrian Stoop of the present against Don Wauchope. Great players both, but neither they nor anyone else ever equalled Don Wauchope in "jinking" power. Very fast, he could dodge in the most wonderful manner at top speed.

I fancy Mr. W. Maclagan's record of thirteen seasons in International football has been surpassed by both Mr. A. J. Gould and Mr. W. J. Bancroft, but still the ex-Scottish captain's achievement is a remarkable one. Maclagan was a great three-quarter and a superb "general."

Continuing with Scotsmen, the late S. C. Lindsay, the Lorettonian, has probably never been equalled as a scoring three-quarter on a winning side. Very fast, he was a great opportunist, and also a most deadly drop at goal.

Mr. McEwan of the Edinburgh Academicals was an exceptionally fine forward; said to have been the strongest man ever seen in that position, which is saying a good deal, for the forwards in those days were chosen mainly for weight and strength.

Merchiston Castle trained the MacMillans and Neilsons, families long powerful in Scottish football.

From Glasgow came the Orrs, who, for many years, "farmed" the position of quarter-back for Scotland.

English football is indissolubly associated with the name of Dr. Leonard Stokes, who won eternal fame by dropping a goal against Scotland from well within his own half of the ground. The feat has been approached, but never equailed.

Then there was Mr. Harry Vassall, the "father" of combination and passing at Rugby.

The most attractive three-quarter I ever saw in my life was Mr. R. L. Aston. He was a very deceptive runner. Although fast, he scarcely seemed to be travelling until he was on and past you, and he could swerve quite as cleverly as any modern Welshman.

In present-day Rugby it is not easy to find an equal to Lockwood, the Yorkshire three-quarter, while Valentine of Swinton was another very fine three-quarter.

Among old timers in the pack E. T. Gurdon and W. N. Bolton were the leaders of many an English side. I doubt whether at the present moment there is a forward as good as either.

"Sammy" Woods was another great forward, whose compeer it is hard to find to-day.

England has had some good full backs, but surely none better than H. T. Gamlin.

Irish football gives few names well known on this side of the Channel, but L. M. Magee was a half-back of the first class, and Ireland is still looking for a worthy successor to him.

A. J. Gould "made" Welsh football, and still stands out by himself. Bancroft is a veteran, but probably Wales will rely upon him as full back in this season's Internationals.

Welsh football, of course, is of comparatively recent growth, so that old timers are scarce, but if we count Gwyn Nicholls as one of the "Old Guard," it is doubtful whether his superior will ever be found.

It is impossible, alas, to pit the Internationals of twenty and thirty years ago against those of to-day; but if it could be done under equal conditions, my money would go on the "old brigade."

F. MERTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The GUEST of the MESS

By W. F. HARDCASTLE.

"Hullo, my son, what is the matter with your face?" remarked Payton.

"You mean this confounded spot on my cheek?" said the other. "I noticed it this morning while I was shaving. I suppose it's a heat spot or something. Anyhow, it doesn't hurt."

That was all that passed on the subject at breakfast, but when the battalion came off parade Payton stared hard at the spot on Gridley's cheek. It was round and red, and the centre was a vivid purple. The spot itself was not larger than a threepenny-piece, and attracted no remark from any of Gridley's other fellow-officers, but Payton, as senior captain and as an old neighbour of Gridley's family, took what amounted almost to a paternal interest in the young lieutenant, thought here were not so very many years between them.

The spot on his friend's cheek alarmed him considerably. He had once known a man who had died of cancer, and the disease first showed itself in precisely this manner.

On the following day the spot on Gridley's face looked as virulent as ever, but he appeared almost to resent the other's inquiries concerning it. His resentment increased Payton's anxiety, for he had read somewhere that cancer has the peculiar mental symptom of attempted secrecy on the part of the victim. He communicated his fears to the regimental surgeon, and at mess that night the latter examined the mark on Gridley's cheek as closely as might be without exciting his suspicion.

It was nearly midnight when the doctor knocked at the door of Payton's room. The captain was anxiously awaiting the visitor.

"Well," he said, "what is the verdict?"

"From what I can see," replied the doctor, "I have every reason to fear the worst. I advise you to get a specialist at once to have a look at him. Even if I were to alarm our young friend by making a close examination I could not be absolutely certain, for cancer in its early stages is extremely deceptive. You can get a man down from London by to-morrow night, and might introduce him as a guest of the mess. I shall say a word to the Colonel about the matter which will make things all right."

"Thanks very much, Jackson," said Payton, without showing a suspicion of the torture he was going through. "I'll run up to town to-morrow and bring a specialist down with me. Who do you think is the best man?"

"Without a doubt," replied the surgeon, "Dr. Attwater, of Harley Street. I'll write down his address for you."

On the following morning Payton secured a day's leave and ran up to London. He made the journey from Waterloo to Harley Street as fast as a taxi-cab could take him, and his one fear was that the specialist might not be at home. He alighted at the house in question, ascended the steps, and was just about to ring the bell when the door opened and an elderly, white-haired gentleman with an intellectual face and bright, piercing eyes confronted him.

"I wanted to see Dr. Attwater," said Payton.

"You are speaking with him now," replied the other. "Pray come inside and let me know what I can do for you."

They went together to the consulting room and Payton explained how matters stood. He pointed out the urgency of the case, and requested that the doctor should come as a guest of the mess and make his examination without the patient's knowledge.

"Our fears may be unfounded, you know," said Payton; "and if they are I don't want to give my friend the pain of a false alarm."

"Quite so," replied the doctor. "I fully appreciate your motives, and, as it happens, I can come down with you to-day. I am perfectly free this afternoon and evening, and if I can get back to town by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

Thus it was arranged, and that evening the regimental surgeon introduced Dr. Attwater to his fellow-officers. It was arranged that the doctor should sit between Jackson and Gridley, and during the meal the specialist took the opportunity of asking his neighbour many questions calculated to assist him in coming to a decision.

When the table was cleared, the specialist skilfully turned the conversation to the matter of eyes, mentioning that it was rare for any person to have the irises of both eyes unblemished by some little spot of a different colour. Gridley requested him to look at his eyes to see if he was the unconscious possessor of any such blemish, and the doctor, drawing a magnifying glass from his pocket, pretended to examine Gridley's eyes critically.

It was a clever move, for he thus secured an opportunity of scrutinising the spot on Gridley's cheek without in any way arousing his suspicions. He assured him that he was one of the exceptions, and that in his case there was no blemish of the iris; then he glanced across the table to where Payton sat, and his eyes told the captain that his worst fears had been realised.

Immediately after leaving the mess-table Payton betook himself to his rooms, where it was arranged that the specialist should come and make his report. The captain was pacing up and down in front of the fireplace when the two doctors entered.

"I am extremely sorry to inform you," the specialist said, "that your friend is a victim of this terrible malady. He feels no pain at the present time, nor is he likely to, for cancer in its early stages is quite painless. But within a week he will be suffering tortures, and within two months I fear the worst will have taken place."

"You mean he will be dead?" asked Payton.

"To put it bluntly," replied the specialist; "Yes."

"Then why not let us inform him of his danger at once?" replied the captain. "Let us tell him exactly how things stand, and insist that he submit to an operation."

"There is nothing to be gained by such a course," replied the other. "An operation in a case like this is quite hopeless, for already I can see that the tr... deep-seated, and it will ... quickly attack his brain. I ... told him exactly the true ... of matters, it would be ... depriving him of his peac... mind and robbing him o... few days of happiness that are yet in store ...

"Then you consider the case ab... hopeless?" asked Payton.

"Yes; I do," replied the other. "If ... was the remotest chance of effecting a c... should, of course, advise an operation."

"Jacko, what *are* we to do?" blurted ... Payton, when the regimental surgeon ret... after having shown Dr. Attwater to ... quarters.

"Let Nature take its course, old chap," ... Jackson. "There's nothing else we can ...

Payton stared into the fire for quit... minutes. Then he looked up suddenly ...

"Do you think I should be doing ... wrong to shoot Gridley?" he asked.

"Good heavens! What do you me... said the doctor with a start.

"This is what I mean," replied Pa... calmly. "I should be snatching him out ... happy life, instead of letting him succu... horrible and lingering death."

* * * * * *

Next afternoon Payton arranged that G... should accompany his firing squad.

At length they reached the range and ... began. After the first practice the c... sent Gridley to examine the damage d... the targets.

As soon as his back was turned, P... took up the rifle of one of the men ... him and examined it.

Then he calmly took a handful of ... ridges, crammed them into the magazine ... lay down on the ground.

From his pocket he took a small m... cocked it and laid it in front of him.

Then coolly and steadily Payton ... himself with the precision of the crack ... raised the rifle to his shoulder, and —

"Captain Payton, sir!"

The voice made Payton start like a ... vous schoolgirl. He turned his head ... standing behind him a telegraph messe... Possibly it might be news from the sp...

He tore the envelope open and re...

"The man who came to see you ye... was an imposter. Writing to explain. Attwa...

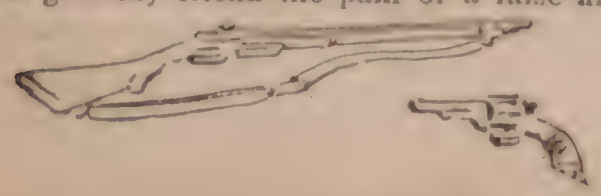
Payton's face, which had been deadly w... flushed with a new hope. He immed... put a sergeant in command of the s... pending the lieutenant's return, and b... himself to his quarters. The promised l... was a matter of life and death. At ... o'clock it arrived.

"I feel it is right that you should k... it read, "that I make a special study of ... tain aspects of insanity as well as of ca... I have staying at my house at preser... elderly gentleman who is the victim of ... hallucinations. I have had him at H... Street in order that I might observe him ... closely, and it appears that when you ... yesterday to see me he represented ... to be me. As he is a man of ... tion, and is possessed of a consid... amount of medical knowledge, he may ... done or said something that may have ... you uneasiness. I am extremely sorry for ... inconvenience he may have caused you, an... requital I shall hold myself in readines... come down to-night if you telegraph for ...

A wire was immediately dispatched, ... late that night Dr. Attwater himself arr...

His examination was careful but br... "Gentlemen," said Dr. Attwater, "... is not the faintest cause for alarm. The ... is but a heat spot, and it will, I thi... entirely disappear in the morning."

And the morning proved his prophe... correct.



KING GEORGE AND THE BIG BROOM

A NOTABLE ACT.

The King's action in commuting the Court Martial sentence on Lieutenant Sutor of dismissal from the Army to one of severe reprimand is an event of great significance, and one fraught probably with far-reaching consequences. His Majesty's clemency practically justifies Mr. Sutor in all he said and did. Mr. Sutor publicly attacked the Army system in general and the Army Council in particular. When arraigned he pleaded justification, and by retaining him in his Army, the King endorsed that plea.

What then is the position of the Army Council? So to speak, they have been libelled—technically at least—and they have been awarded a farthing damages, each side to pay their own costs. Morally they have been found guilty of incompetence, and it is clear that the matter cannot rest here.

NOT THE OFFICER—AT FAULT.

Nor will it. His Majesty is above all things a practical man, trained for many years in a school where efficiency is the watchword. It is highly probable that the King will take the Army in hand as he took hospital administration in hand, and with equally beneficent results.

It is the system that is at fault, not the officer. I believe the average officer is as good as ever he was, but he is the victim of a system which is in many ways vicious and effete.

Economically, there is one outstanding difference between the Navy and the Army. The naval officer, even of junior rank, can live on his ordinary pay, his military brother cannot.

Yet, rank for rank, or rather corresponding rank for rank—a naval lieutenant, for example, of so many years' service ranks with an Army captain—the pay is practically the same. One man can live on it, the other cannot. Why?

COMPARISONS.

Well, one reason is that the naval officer's average mess bill is roughly half that of the Army officer.

Here there is no question of the one being more extravagant than the other. I am comparing mess bills consisting of unavoidable messing, plus a reasonable allowance for "extra comforts." In broad terms, the naval officer "messes" for two shillings a day, but the Army officer pays twice that sum. And to all intents and purposes lives no better.

Admitted that a naval mess can be catered for more economically than a military one, because in the former case the number in mess is constant—at least when a ship is at sea—whereas in an Army mess you may find twenty dining one night and half-a-dozen the next, yet the disparity between the bare cost of living in the two Services is out of all reason.

LESS TRAINING.

This is a point which, no doubt, has already struck the King as a practical man.

I leave it for the present, because it is intimately connected with the next point—namely, efficiency.

Mr. Sutor said that while individual Army officers are efficient, the system prevents them from becoming so as a class, and the King apparently agrees with him.

There is much make-believe in Army training. Drill, after all, is an artificial thing. A great part of the soldier's time and energies is dissipated on things that don't matter.

Red tape, routine, and "spit-and-polish" are not unknown in the Navy, but on the whole the sailor's work is practical and vital. He deals with realities, not with shams.

The radical difference between the naval and military systems, however, is that the naval officer is caught young; the Army officer joins comparatively late in life.

Naval cadets do not go to sea so early as they used to, but their training begins when they are about fourteen. When they join a sea-going vessel some three years later they have learnt the rudiments of their profession and are competent to take part in the work of the ship.

COMMENCING TOO LATE.

The Army officer's training on the other hand does not begin until he is about seventeen, and when he joins his regiment he is an absolute greenhorn, so far as his duties as a regimental officer are concerned. He is not of much practical use as an officer for at least another year.

Fourteen to seventeen or so are, perhaps, the most important years in a man's life. It is during these that character is formed and that life-long habits of work, self-discipline, and obedience are acquired. The embryo Army officer spends these all-important years on work which bears no relation to his future career, and the last year or so is usually passed in the unhealthy atmosphere of an Army crammer's.

Why should not the Army officer be taken young like his naval colleague?

It is well known that "Gordon Boys" make excellent soldiers, and is there any good reason against the establishment of military colleges on the lines of Osborne and Dartmouth?

THE SOCIAL SIDE.

The Japanese segregate their Army officers from the age of about fourteen, and the results have been more than satisfactory. To an ex-sailor like the King the idea of catching the Army officer young should make a strong appeal.

To my mind, however, the crux of the whole matter is the fact that an officer cannot in ordinary circumstances live on his pay. This means that wealthy men enter the Army for social reasons or *pour passer le temps*.

Moreover, as the Army officer must have private means he is generally in a position to "chuck" the Service whenever he likes. The naval officer is often wholly dependent on his profession.

The obvious remedy if you want men to adopt the Army as a serious profession is to make it possible for an officer to live on his pay. It is objected that to do so would be to attract an undesirable class of man. But surely the naval officer is socially and in every way the equal of his military brother. He is drawn from the same classes.

There are quite as many "swells" in the Navy as in the Army, which shows that to make the Army self-supporting would not frighten away well born and wealthy men who are keen on soldiering.

One way and another, I venture to think that the King's virtual acquittal of Mr. Sutor points to his determination to reform the Army system, and it would only be natural were His Majesty to remodel the Army on naval lines, particularly as regards making it possible for the junior Army officer to live decently on his pay, and to begin his training at that period when the mind is most receptive and character most malleable.

TERRITORIAL HOPES.

There is hope, both in this and also in another direction. It is not likely that in putting his military house in order the King will forget the Territorials.

If an effective alternative is to be found to conscription, His Majesty is the man to find it. He alone can brush aside the intriguing cliques, the high-placed incompetents, the petty jealousies, the political pifflers, and wire-pullers who at present clog the whole Army machine.

The King is a practical man. He knows his own mind, and can steer a straight course. He could reform the Army if he would. I believe he will put his hand to the plough, and, having done so, George the Fifth is the last man in the world to turn back.

"CHINSTRAP."

A MAN'S ORDEALS.

Taking girls shopping.

* * *

Behaving himself, and talking Browning, at the Vicar's tea.

* * *

Playing with a friend's children, who insist on delving for his watch with treacly fingers.

* * *

Asking for a rise of salary, when he knows he has been late at the office several times during the last week.

* * *

Buying a pair of frilly ***s for his wife, who is too seedy to go out.

* * *

Eating ham and eggs on the morning after a festive night at the club.

* * *

Watching his adversary score fifties at billiards, when there is a sovereign on the game.

IN DEFENCE OF TOBACCO.

We are living at present in a distinctly scare-mongering age; and the fact that practically every man is a smoker is a reassuring sign of the nation's commonsense; for the dire warnings that appear from time to time in medical and other journals on the subject of tobacco are enough to make even the most thoughtless consider awhile.

But in reality tobacco, far from being injurious, is beneficial in many ways. It is a nerve-soother. It assists the tired brain to recover from the effects of hard work.

Taken to excess, of course, it does harm; but the same could be said about any commodity imaginable. So long as you don't smoke too much, you will derive nothing but benefit from the fragrant weed. A pipe, for instance, before bedtime, will often make you sleep, when without it you would have "tossed about" for hours.

CARD TABLE MANNERS.

SOME COMMON BREACHES OF ETIQUETTE.

Silence is particularly golden at cards—I am talking, of course, of serious card-playing, not bumble-puppy.

Pay attention to the game. The man who has constantly to be reminded that it is his turn to play is an ill-mannered man.

Know your own mind. Nothing is more irritating to other players than the man who fingers first one card and then another, pulls one out only to put it back, and keeps the whole table in a fidget while he is trying to make up, what he pleased to call his mind.

Remember that at most card games, a card once exposed cannot be recalled. To "expose" a card it is not necessary that it should be placed face upwards on the table. If you are one of the hesitating sort and pull out a card so that an opponent can see it, he has the right to "call" it. This means that your opponents can insist either on your playing the card, or leaving it exposed on the table to be played whenever they like, provided you are not thereby made to revoke.

Make up your mind which card you are going to play, and play it.

At the same time, neither let yourself be hurried nor attempt to hurry a slow opponent. Remarks such as "call me early," actions such as drumming on the table, yawning ostentatiously, are bad form.

While there is no need to hold your cards half an inch away from your eyes, hold your hand well up. It is not fair to put temptation in an opponent's way by holding your cards so that he can easily see them.

Keep your hands away from your cards while the deal is being made. Strictly speaking you cannot claim a misdeal if you touch your cards before the deal is completed.

Wait till the other players have arranged their hands before leading, otherwise you may be suspected of trying to flurry them.

Incidentally, don't always arrange your hand in the same way. At whist, for example, some players invariably put their trumps on the left-hand side. A sharp player will notice this, and by watching the quarter from which you pull a trump be able to make a shrewd guess at your strength in trumps.

Don't bang winning cards down with a shout of triumph, or send your cards skidding across the table to fall on the floor.

At poker if you are out of a round, don't overlook your neighbour's hand. By doing so you may gain a valuable insight into his methods of play, and it isn't fair.

Don't bewail your bad luck or curse your opponent's good fortune.

If you have a lady for partner, always offer to deal and shuffle for her, but never insist upon doing so.

If you are an onlooker, never sit behind a man to overlook his hand without first asking and obtaining permission to do so. As a spectator, the less you say the better.

Card debts should be settled on the spot or at latest by the following morning.

If you are a loser, don't ask the winner to toss double or quits. It is rank bad form.

When it has been agreed to play a certain time, don't ask the winners to exceed the limit because you are a loser. If they volunteer to go on that is another matter, but to ask them to do so is not the "game."

Some men when winning have a bad habit of continually reckoning up their spoils. This gives the nasty impression that they are "out" for money.

Don't finger the markers. Mistakes in counting often arise in this way, and besides, the practice is irritating to others.

Above all things keep your temper, and win or lose like a gentleman, that is, without elation, fuss, or repining.

A. BOLDERSTONE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

The other evening, while travelling in the tube, I found myself seated next to a soldier. He was a young man, about my own age. He had taken off his cap, and was nursing it on his knees.

I did my best to distinguish the badge in front of that cap, but it was not one with which I was familiar.

Almost opposite to us was an elderly clergyman, who was busily engaged in filling a pipe. He searched about in his pockets, and it never struck me that it was a match he was looking for, or I should have offered him one, but the soldier beside me was a little bit sharper, aud handed the parson the requisite light.

There was a kindly smile about the parson's face as he closed the box and handed it back.

I always have a very warm corner in my heart for the Regular, being only a humble Territorial, and the little act of friendliness in the offering of that light without being asked for it, made my interest in the soldier beside me all the stronger.

I was still unable to decipher the badge on his cap, and so I frankly asked him what it was.

"7th Queen's Own Hussars, sir," he said, and he handed me his cap for closer inspection.

I am afraid that my reply would not sound very polite it I reproduced it verbatim. I swore at him gently for calling me "sir," explained that I was a soldier myself in my leisure time, and that I hoped that all wearers of His Majesty's uniform were more or less equal.

We had a very interesting chat while it lasted. It was interrupted from time to time by the roar of the train, but we talked thirteen to the dozen when the train and the noise stopped at the stations.

At last he got out—I think it was at Mornington Crescent—and we shook hands. I do not know his name, and he certainly does not know mine, but in that handshake there was a good deal of understanding and human sympathy.

We are not likely to meet again, but I shall always think with pleasure of that short chat in the tube train, and I expect the old parson on the other side feels as kindly towards this particular member of the "7th Queen's Own Hussars" as I do.

BRITISH METHODS.

I went to a music-hall the other evening with a friend of mine who might well be described as a cosmopolitan, for I do not think that there is any civilised country in which he has not resided. We were walking up through Leicester Square just after eleven o'clock, and we had to exercise considerable caution to avoid colliding with the theatre-goers who were hurrying home.

"It is a strange thing" he said "to see how crowded Leicester Square is at this moment. By half-past twelve there will not be a soul about, but in Paris, Berlin, and New York the people would then be coming out for their night's pleasure."

I knew that this was so, because, though I have never been abroad myself, and have no particular wish to go, many of my friends who have travelled have told me that such is the Continental custom.

I have always wondered how the men who spend their nights in such a manner can get their work done during the day; I had never been able to find out, but the friend in whose company I now was, was a man of wide experience, and I asked him to explain the mystery.

"It is very simple," he said. "The men with money to spend—the big men who are heads of firms—do not get up till eleven o'clock, and they breakfast at noon. They put in an hour at their office, from one till two, and then they go to a café. They put in another hour of work, signing cheques and so forth, from four till five o'clock, and then they go home to enjoy their family life and to eat their evening meal. It is after that that they set out for amusement.

The only way in which they are able to run their business with only two hours at it each day, is by employing managers and secretaries at high salaries. Your British business man works on a different principle; he is at his desk at nine or half-past each morning, and very often is the first at the office."

"And which," I asked, "do you think is the best system?"

"The British, undoubtedly," he replied, "for my own business I have offered a very large salary indeed for a manager who could do the work for me; but it is never possible to get a man to do the thing as well as you could do it yourself. The man who builds up a business has a brain of finer calibre than the man who is merely content to remain in somebody else's employment."

I think there is a good deal of commonsense in what he said.

THE LEAGUE.

I have been asked by several League members lately if I could not devote more space to the publication of the names of their fellow-members.

I am sorry to say that at present this is impossible, and I can only ask those whose towns are late in the alphabet to be patient. Their turn will come.

My original intention in publishing the League List was that members living in the same neighbourhood might get into touch with one another and might meet with congenial friends.

It has been interesting to find, however, that not only has this end been achieved in many cases, but that the column to which I refer has been of use in other ways.

I have before me a letter from a member who is now living in Plymouth. "You will be glad to hear," he writes, "that the League has been the means of bringing me once more into touch with a pal that I had given up for lost. We used to dig together in the old days, until we both got jobs and I had to move down here.

"We corresponded for a time, but somehow the letters got fewer and further between until one day, after many months' interval, a letter of mine was returned marked 'Gone away. Address unknown.'

"I was still hoping in vain for a letter from him, when I suddenly came on his name in the list of League Members living in Birmingham. At first I thought it must be someone else with the same name and initials, but on writing to the address given I found it was really he. We had both found something to appeal to us in THE MODERN MAN, and had joined the League independently."

INVESTIGATION.

As will be seen by a large announcement appearing elsewhere in the paper, I recently had a close investigation made of the business of Mr. Thomas Inch, the well-known teacher of physical culture.

I may say that the investigation was entirely satisfactory, and it simply confirmed my own previous opinion, that Mr. Inch's methods are in every way excellent.

So much for business—you can read about the investigation in the pages dealing with it. Mr. Inch and I have had important business dealings together, for he is a very large advertiser, but I am glad to say that we have also become personal friends.

If there is one thing on which he is keen, apart from physical culture, that thing is motoring, and he takes a boyish delight in bringing his car up to this office, and in bursting in upon me, and by sheer strength, dragging me off for an hour's spin.

I am not going to give him or his car away in the matter of the speed at which we travel, but if at any time I am asked to do so I am very ready to give a testimonial to the reviving effects of a motor run in the middle of the day, when that car is travelling at something approaching twice the legal limit.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand,

FELLOW SPORTSMEN.

The publication of the names and addresses of members of THE MODERN MAN *League has already been the means of establishing many lasting friendships amongst our readers. The names of members joining now will appear in a special supplementary list if received too late to be included in the general list for their own town.*

BRADFORD (*continued*).
H. BOWEN, 2, Oakroyd Terrace, Manningham.
N. S. BROXHOLME, 48, Arncliffe Terrace, Legrams Lane.
W. BURTON, 3, Mount Avenue, Eccleshill.
S. BYATT, 10, Claremont Terrace.
P. CARTER, 17, Radnor Street.
W. H. CASSELLS, 12, Filey Street.
F. V. CLOUGH, 10, Farcliffe Road.
B. COCKING, 13, Hartman Place.
F. CRANSHAW, 198, Gt. Horton Road.
H. CRANSHAW, 198, Gt. Horton Road.
H. C. EDMONDSON, 16, Bridgewater Road, Manningham.
H. EDWARDS, 101, Gladstone Street, Bradford Moor.
J. EMSLEY, 10, Chester Street.
A. FARRAR, 159, Parkside Crescent, West Bowling.
W. FEATHER, 14, Harlon Road, Lidges Green.
F. FOSTER, 13, Clarendon Place.
A. A. FRANKLAND, 212, Hollings Road.
[illegible] GRIMSHAW, 944, Leeds Road.
C. H. HALL, 48, Woodlands Road, Girlington.
C. F. HAYES, 105, Horton Lane.
H. HEALAS, 17, Albert Terrace, Oakenshaw.
T. A. HERON, 21, Northdale Road, Frizinghall.
H. HIRST, 12, Airdale College Terrace, Otley Road.
[illegible] HODGKINSON, 16, Paley Terrace, Bowling.
H. HOLDSWORTH, 9, Bowker Street, Great Horton.
H. R. JACKSON, 572, Parkfield Terrace, Little Horton.
[illegible] JOHNSON, 300, Wakefield Road.
[illegible] JONES, 78, Victor Terrace, Manningham.
V. LONDON, 2, Sumnerville Road, Horton Road.
H. MALLPRESS, 9, Southfield Terrace, Birkenshaw.
H. MANN, 83, Derby Road. Thornbury.
[illegible] MEAD, 13, Berry Stret, Hall Lane.
[illegible] PADGETT, 9, Brompton Road, Wakefield Road.
[illegible] PARSEY, 19, Woodview, Manningham.
B. PAWSOME, Devonshire Arms Hotel, Thornton Road.
T. W. RAMSDEN, Clare Road, Wyke.
J. REYNARD, 27, Dirkhill Street, Gt. Horton.
H. REYNOLDS, 627, Leeds Road.
[illegible] C. K. ROWBOTHAM, 3, Thornton Road.
[illegible] E. SAYNOR, 120, Butler Street. Otley Road.
[illegible] SHACKLETON, Cross Lane Mills, Gt. Horton.
[illegible] S. SHARPE, 19, Cecil Avenue, Horton Park.
[illegible] SHEARD, 10, George Street, Thornton.
[illegible] S. SIMPSON, 69 Airville Road, Frizinghall.
[illegible] SMITH, 24, Lily Street, Manningham.
[illegible] SPENCER, 46, Wightman Street, Otley Road.
[illegible] ANSFIELD, 16, Villier Street, Listerhills.
[illegible] B. STANTAN, 22, Queen's Road.
[illegible] SUNDERLAND, "Holmleigh," Denholme.
[illegible] E. TAYLOR, 17, Mount Street, Eccleshill.
[illegible] WALKER, "Willow Dene," Farcliffe Place.
[illegible] WALSHAW, 23, Moorside Road, Eccleshill.
[illegible] WHEATER, 8, Midgley Row, Brierley Lane.
H. WILKINSON, 47, Athol Road, Manningham.
[illegible] WILSON, 31, Falmouth Avenue, Otley Road.
[illegible] WORTHING, 29, Westgate.

BASINGSTOKE.
A. J. COLLINGS, Woodfield Road.

BASTED.
F. DOWSING, Heverswood Lodge.
H. WELLS, Station Road.

BRAY.
J. M'LELLAN, Bray.

BRECHIN.
[illegible] LINN, Bank Street.
[illegible] C. KEIR, "Craigdhu."

BRIDGEON.
F. W. TYLER, Bulwark.

BRIDGE.
[illegible] SMITH, "Rosebank."

BRENTFORD.
[illegible] ADAMS, 39, Glenhurst Road.
W. S. READ, 96, High Street.

BRENTWOOD.
R. BEAUCHAMP, 10, Alfred Road.

BRIDGEND.
[illegible] C. DAVIES, 53, Newcastle Hill.
W. T. DAVIES, 15, Dyffryn Road.
J. S. DRAKE, 57, New Castle.
T. O'CONNOR, 39, Park Terrace, Tondu.
C. M. THOMAS, 9, Fountain Row, Gilfach Goch.
R. D. THOMAS, 22, Cognant Cottage, Caerau Maesteg.
A. WINTLE, 39, Pwyll-y-Garth, Menfig Hill.

BRIDGWATER.
A. M. S. BURN, 33, Church Street.
[illegible] DAVIS, 16, High Street.
H. HALDING, 52, Market Street.
[illegible] HOLCOMBE, Eastover Boys' Board School.
C. A. WADMORE, Wembdon.

BRIDLINGTON.
[illegible] CAMPLEMAN, Central Chambers.
[illegible] A. E. MOULDS, 6, Brett Street.

BRIGHOUSE.
[illegible] HOWLETT, 39, Elland Road.
[illegible] H. QUINN, Calder View House.

BRIGHTON and HOVE.
[illegible] ADAMS, 2, Little East Street.
[illegible] ALCE, 2, Lewes Road.
[illegible] ATHERTON, Regency House, Western Road.
[illegible] BARDEN, 38, Shirley Street, Hove.
W. A. BATCHELOR, 47, Stanley Road.
H. BOND, 38, Shirley Street.
[illegible] BRYANT, 89, Bentham Road.
[illegible] CALLAWAR, 89, Bentham Road.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST HOPE.

Montgomery had received an invitation to a dance. And she would be there.

Already he had purchased his polished pumps, successfully he had hunted the most wonderful waistcoat in Bond Street, and his socks—!!

But one thing he had not found. He wanted a really sensational collar. No longer would he be content with the common or garden two-inch variety. Something majestic in its supreme loftiness was what he required.

He had reached the last really smart shop in London—his last hope. But every style, shape, and size had been shown him in vain.

As the last resource the assistant produced a single specimen of a three-and-a-half-inch collar.

Yet Montgomery was still unsatisfied.

"Is that the tallest you have in the place?" he asked.

"Very sorry, sir," said the assistant, and then his face suddenly brightened with a ray of hope. "But why not buy a pair of cuffs? That's our next size."

GAVE THE SHOW AWAY.

"Some beastly burglars broke into our wine-cellar last night, don't-cher-know," said Hildebrand, twirling the suspicion of a moustache.

"What a terrible calamity!" his companion remarked.

"Yes; they got away with all our coals," added Hildebrand, regretfully.

SOMEWHAT CUTTING.

Cutadash: "How do you think my wife looks in her hobble skirt?"

Suberbia: "I thought from her walk that she had bought a new pair of boots and forgotten to cut the string."

THE DETECTIVE'S MISTAKE.

He entered. Slowly he emerged from a spacious overcoat; a felt hat was flung to one side; a wig was removed; finally a false beard was discarded, and a revolver placed on the table. Sterlock Foames. It was no other.

"I have discovered the cause of the fire," he said, with concentrated grimness.

"Well?" asked his companion.

"A man on the seventh floor dropped a match down the lift-shaft and set fire to some paper at the bottom."

"Well?" repeated the companion.

"I followed the man, searched him, but he had no matches. That was my clue. He dropped the last match down the shaft."

"Sterlock, you're beaten," cried the companion. "Don't you know that a man's last match always goes out?"

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[*Some items of information that are* NOT *to be found in the encyclopædia.*]

Question: What is the royal road to fame?

Answer: That, Cuthbert, is a question which you should have known without asking. Do something sillier or more wicked than anybody has ever done before, give the "story" exclusively to the *Daily Mail*, and they will make you more famous than Napoleon Bonaparte or "Dr." Crippen. (Alastair! *Don't* strike matches on your boots! If you do, you'll get a foretaste of the hereafter in the shape of a burning sole.)

* * *

Q.: What are the biggest known stars?

A.: Dunstan, your ignorance is contemptible! Are you unaware of the existence of Marie Lloyd, Wilkie Bard, and Little Tich? Fie upon you! Your jam shall be stopped until—until the grocer will condescend to give us credit again.

* * *

Q.: How should one clean a foul pipe in an emergency?

A.: *So* simple, Geoffrey. Use one of the feathers out of your wife's hat. If she notices the depredation, you can always say it was the kitten. What's that? It might mean buying a new hat? Well, we don't know your wife.

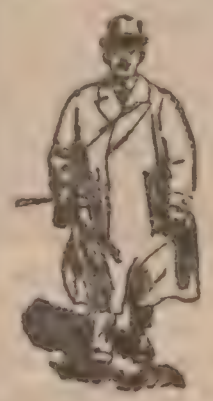
* * *

Q.: What is the best way of judging if a dog is good-tempered with children?

A.: That, dear Mr. Quiverfull, is easy. Let him play with your neighbour's pretty babies; and if he doesn't bite them, you can fairly safely let him play with yours. J. GORDON HOOD.

Overcoat Appearance

counts for much. It is the last garment to be put on and the first to be seen and commented on. Wear a "McKinley" built overcoat, and you can have the utmost confidence in your appearance. Style, character, and exceptional quality of material and workmanship belong to the "McKinley" garments. Yet the "McKinley" prices compare favourably anywhere.



Overcoats (to measure) 21/- to 37/6
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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

FOREARM WORK.

One of the most noticeable features of the strong man is the brawny appearance of his forearms.

While I have given several exercises for the development of these particular muscles, it may be as well to comment generally on the most beneficial exercises to be indulged in by the man who is anxious to improve the dimensions of the lower parts of his own arms.

Anything that necessitates shutting the hand, or keeping it only partly open, has an excellent effect, and consequently rowing is to be strongly recommended.

Again, anything that requires the holding of a heavy article is advantageous to these muscles, so that hammering, chopping, pulling oneself up by the hand, fencing, and twisting heavy dumb-bells should all be indulged in.

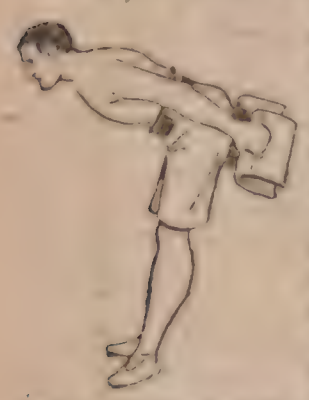
The forearms of a workman who is constantly wielding a mallet constitute his strongest part.

Perhaps the ideal exercise is the lifting or carrying of a heavy weight fixed on the end of a stick or short pole, so that the whole grasping power of the hands is called for.

FOR REDUCING THE SIZE OF THE ABDOMEN.

Taking a fairly heavy book in each hand, stand with the arms at the sides and the feet some eighteen inches apart.

First swing the arms forward, then down past the sides to the rear, at the same time bending well forward.



Press the arms well back.

The whole movement should be one of short duration, but should be repeated at least ten times.

Though not by any means a fatiguing exercise, the benefits to be derived are plentiful.

While the arms and muscles at the back of the legs are strengthened, the main object of the exercise is to reduce the size of the stomach, and there is probably no series of movements better suited for the purpose.

Care must be taken throughout that the head is not dropped. The neck must be kept rigid, and the angle of the head in the accompanying sketch should be noted, and the position adhered to.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

"With the Greeks and Romans," said Salzmann, "gymnastic exercises constituted the principal part of youthful education. Their objects were heartiness; strength and dexterity of body; elegance of form; courage; presence of mind in danger; and patriotism founded thereon. The appointment of public teachers for this purpose was paid for by the State."

I think far more benefits could be derived from a good course of physical training than from a half-hearted series of lessons on some obscure "scientific" subject, in the same way as I consider regular sleeping hours of more value than the results of sitting up half the night poring over relics of an ancient language.

Schoolmasters as a whole should devote a greater amount of attention to physical training, though I think some are doing so already. The growing number of cadet corps attached to the Officers' Training Corps is a good step, and the interest openly shown in sports by the more modern type of headmaster is another.

Some of the old school do not seem to realise that knowledge is useless without strength to practise it.

Salzmann's note regarding patriotism ought to suggest a remedy for the Socialist gentry, who, singularly enough, all seem to be somewhat lean and weedy persons.

It is a man's duty to his country to make the most of himself physically.

LEG EXTENSION.

The following series constitutes a varied exercise for stretching and strengthening the muscles of the legs and, incidentally, certain muscles of the arms.

In the opening position, the hands may be either placed on the hips or clasped behind the head.

First extend the right leg forward a given number of times; next the left leg for the same number, and then alternate.

For the next position, bring the arms to the vertical and arch the back. This position is illustrated in the sketch.

A matter of balance.

Placing the hands at the sides, extend the right leg forward and stretch the arms to the rear. Repeat stretching the left leg and then alternate.

A point that will not escape the notice of the observant is the fact that the chest benefits from most of the positions.

PURE WATER.

The teetotal advocate makes one correct statement. He contends that water is the finest drink. I go further, and say that it is the only liquid which will really quench thirst.

But it should be pure. A globe-trotter can always tell some stories of the effects of bad water, and even in my own travels I have seen many instances of death due to impure water.

A great deal depends, however, on the state of the stomach, and here, again, the physical culture man comes out on top. I have seen one man drink gallons of stuff, a half-pint of which would be sufficient to kill his fellow.

My own ideal is distilled water—perhaps the most difficult state in which to obtain our natural fluid.

While "raw" water has been described as an aquarium, boiled water is but a graveyard, and a corpse is little better than a live body. Boiled water is undeniably "nasty" to drink.

A daily supply of pure water will assist in getting rid of many diseases, and without sufficient quantity many complaints are utterly incurable.

EVERYDAY FITNESS.

HOW TO KEEP SOUND IN WIND AND LIMB.

I doubt whether there is a single sp... for which THE MODERN MAN has not, at so... time or other, informed its readers as to t... best method of training; but we must not fo... get that even though we may not at th... moment be taking active part in any form o... violent exercise, we still, as common-sense me... desire to be in good physical condition—... short, to be "sound in wind and limb."

If a man—even a sedentary worker—do... not adhere to certain fairly definite rule... life he is certain to contract some kind o... physical defect, possibly only temporary an... readily amenable to medical treatment. B... what man wants to undergo medical treatme... of any kind if he can possibly avoid it?

The four great factors in the everyday bu... ness man's fitness are: Hours, food, drink, ... surroundings.

With regard to the first, we find that ... body's vitality is at its highest between 6 ... and 12 midday; and at its lowest betwee... 12 midnight and 5 a.m.

In the summer a man should get up ... 7 a.m.; but we have now left summer behi... us; and we get up, if we are wise, at 8 a.m... Again, if we are wise, we will not eat be... three-quarters of an hour after rising—name... at a quarter to nine—and if we can manage ... we should rest for a quarter of an hour ... afterwards for the sake of digestion. The ... in the train to business, by the way, will ... admirably for this purpose.

In the evening, if we can manage a b... walk of a couple of miles or so before dinn... so much the better. As near 10.30 p.m. ... possible is the best time for retiring.

With regard to food, a glass of milk a... dry biscuit after our morning bath will of... prevent the well-known "tired feeling" wh... is a result of the morning ablutions.

For breakfast, porridge, a lightly-bo... egg, and some stewed fruit or marmalade ... menu that could not be improved upon. ... will sustain without exerting undue strain ... the digestive powers.

Most business men are accustomed to ta... very light meal in the middle of the day. ... to eat a really satisfying dinner on re... home after work. This is an excellent p... A plate of clear soup and a slice or two ... toast is a quite sufficient lunch for the ... dentary worker in such conditions.

For the evening meal, from 6.30 to 7 ... is the best time. The soup should be ... and the fish of the white (not *oily*) vari... The meat, which should be the *pièce ... résistance*, should be cooked so that it ... neither raw nor as dry as tinder. A light ... pudding and stewed fruit is the most ad... able form of sweet.

Cheese, by the way, should be barred ... reason of its indigestibility.

With regard to drink, the sedentary wo... need not worry. So long as he takes it ... moderation, he can drink practically anyt... Beer, however, is always preferable to s...

Now we come to the last of our four t... of good health—surroundings. For the ... who is cooped up in an office all day, ... indubitable that the country is the best ... to live in; but sometimes a man's busi... such a tyrant that this is not possible. ... such a case he should either live in a s... or close to some park, or else arrange ... spend as many week-ends in the country as ... possibly can.

It is to a man's advantage if his resid... is some little distance from the railway sta... or train service. Something in the way of ... walk should be taken every day, and the ... who steps from his front door to the t... car, and from the car to his office, is ... neglect this most necessary exercise.

J. D. VALENTINE

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. R. (Wakefield).—By all means write to an editor; it's no use doing reporting on chance. A knowledge of shorthand is essential, but most papers have their own representatives, or obtain their information through a news agency.

J. C. (Ilfracombe).—Write to the Secretary of the N.S.P.C.C. at 39, Leicester Square, London, W.

R. H. (Leicester).—We are, of course, sorry that the reproduction of the Editor's photo was not quite up to the mark, but what can you expect on rough paper? Actual photographs of this more or less celebrated personage can be had at a shilling a time from Secundus Ward, 147, Strand, London, W.C.

MESSRS. ALBERT SMITH and CO, of Millsborough Road, Redditch, are willing to send their Angling Catalogue to readers on application.

"CHARLES," 169, Clarence Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, wants to hear from another reader (about 25) who is interested in boxing and sport in general.

I. M. (Cheetham Hill).—No doubt the "country cousins" will find the Club useful, too. Negotiations are in progress.

H. G. H. (Walsall).—Try massage, or failing that ask a doctor.

E. W. (Bognor).—Afraid the articles would hardly suit us.

R. D. F. (Hampstead).—The makers of The Modern Man cigarettes and tobacco are Messrs. Gallaher and Co.

E. F. C. (Eastbourne).—There are many ways of "stiffing," and a great deal depends on what you say to "Iliff." Then there is your own weight to consider. Look up statistics obtainable in reasonable books on the subject, and judge what you should do accordingly.

E. T. (Cleethorpes).—About eight months old. £5 to £5 is a reasonable price.

F. W. M. (Barnstone).—An automatic stamp-delivering machine is already in existence, and has been commented upon in the London Press.

N. W. (Cambridge).—There is nothing unladylike in a woman's taking an interest in her friends' sports, any more than there is in her playing hockey or tennis. Some girls are jolly good sportsmen.

A. J. H. (Wimborne).—Write to the Admiralty Recruiting Officer, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. He will give you full particulars as to service in the Marines. With regard to what you should call your mother-in-law, this is surely a matter to be arranged between the lady in question and yourself. But don't be too hard on her.

A READER, of 412, Sion Street, Radcliffe, Lancs., would like to meet other League members or readers living in that neighbourhood.

R. D. (Berkhampstead).—Croquet balls should measure 3⅝in. in diameter, and should weigh from 15oz. to 16½oz. Hoops of ½in. to ¾in. round iron should be 4in. in width (inside measurement). They should stand 12in. above the ground. The diameter of the pegs should be 1½in., and the height 18in. There is no specified size or weight for the mallet.

G. F. D. (Birmingham).—We believe that your employer cannot be compelled to pay you full wages.

L. J. (Swindon).—The article you mention was correct in every detail, and all the statements can be proved.

J. K. (Balham).—Music-hall artistes travel as much as a hundred miles a night. A few weeks ago Sam Mayo appeared at three shows in London and two in Watford. George Robey works as many halls as anybody. Several artistes, including Harry Tate, have been fined for furious driving.

J. N. H. (Kidderminster).—You are wrong when you say that no masterpiece was ever written mainly for money. Scott was working against old debts all his life.

F. McILROY, 10, Upper Townsend Street Belfast desires to correspond with Foreign and Colonial readers.

"INTERESTED READER" (York) is troubled with too many dreams. He keeps regular hours, eats wholesome food, and indulges in frequent exercise. Any suggestions?

H. W. (Ipswich).—Jeffries met Fitzsimmons at Coney Island on June 9, 1899, and at San Francisco on July 25, 190 The first fight lasted eleven and the second eight rounds.

J. K. (Dublin).—We have never heard anything against them.

W. S. W. (Carlisle), **H. W. K.** (Potchefstroom), **R. C. F. M.** (Edgbaston), **G. S. S.** (Middlesbrough), **J. H. S.** (Moss Side), **H. C.** (Shelley), **T. B.** (Dublin), **L. M. W.** (Oldham), **T. W. L.** (Easingwold), **J. McG.** **"Automobilist"** (Bristol), **A. W. S.** (Loughborough).—Many thanks.

NERVOUSNESS.

Lucky is the man who is not affected by nervousness, for it is one of the most unfortunate of human failings, and the ways in which it affects different men are many and varied.

The most common form, of course, is hesitation in speech; and this is perhaps the most harmful in the worldly sense, for it is so often mistaken for a certain shiftiness of character, which is perhaps entirely absent.

Another very ordinary form of nervousness is a slight incoherence. It is caused, no doubt, by one's thoughts straying somewhat from the matter in hand, but it is apt to give another person the impression that one is perhaps slightly deficient mentally

Nervousness is probably a form of self-consciousness, and men who suffer from it should take the advice of a well-known Oxford triple Blue. Instead of imagining that people are regarding you depreciatingly, try to persuade yourself that, if anything, they are admiring you. In this way your nervousness will soon pass off.

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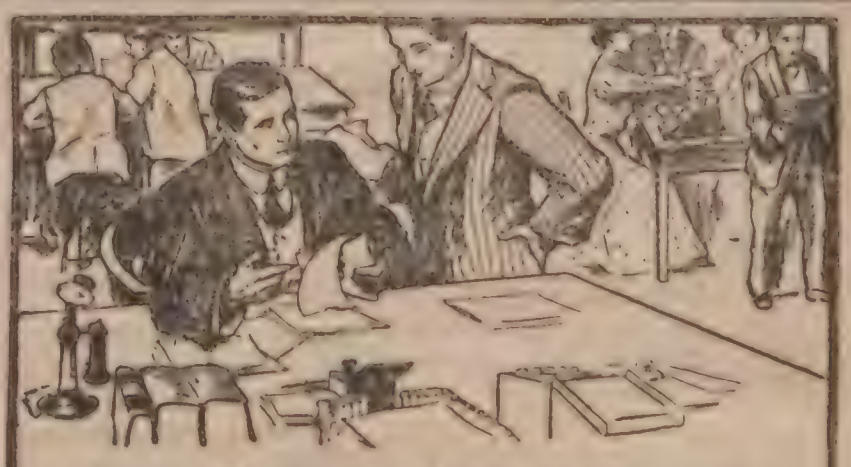

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BOXING FROM A BOOK

HINTS TO THE MAN WHO LEARNS BY HIMSELF.

It is the proud boast of every Englishman that he knows how to use his fists—or at any rate that he can "put them up" when occasion demands it. There is not one of us—or at any rate, we are sure, no reader of this paper—who would like to be told that he cannot box.

But it is indubitable that very few of us are born boxers. Boxers, as a general rule, are made—not born. A man with little original aptitude, who had been coached by a first-class instructor, would have but little difficulty in beating another who had been gifted with a great natural talent for the noble art, but who had never studied it on the right lines.

WHERE TIME AND MEANS ARE CONSIDERED.

Thus, every man must learn before he can be of much use; and he is lucky if he can afford either the money or the time to go to a good "professor." But, doubtless, there are a great many men working early and late in business offices, who cannot find the time to attend at an instructor's rooms, or who, perhaps, are not, at present, able to afford a course of lessons; as the charge for these is, as a rule, pretty high. What does such a man do? He, very wisely, gets a book on boxing, and proceeds to teach himself.

It is easy to understand, however, that such a method lays him open to all sorts of pitfalls; for, however enthusiastic he may be, he is bound to misunderstand a good many of the instructions. Indeed, he will be more likely than not, quite unconsciously, to contract more than a few bad habits. The following hints will be useful to such a man anxious to guard himself against them.

First of all, beware of becoming stereotyped in your actions. You will probably be told, in your book, to stand with your feet a certain number of inches apart. Well, try the position by all means, but if you find it uncomfortable do not hesitate to modify it to suit your convenience; for ease in position is one of the greatest factors in good boxing.

HITTING STRAIGHT.

See, however, that your left toe, eye, and hand are all in the same direction; or you will not hit straight. Do not worry so much about the direction in which your right toe is pointing; for this does not matter much, so long as all your weight is be supported easily on the ri foot.

You will be given all sorts directions about "leading and these will, no doubt, thoroughly sound. But books are, in main, intended for the guidance of the who has had some little training, and not much for the absolute beginner. So, wh following the directions as closely as is co patible with ease of movement, be care that you do not sacrifice the latter in a slavish adherence to them.

It is best to practise the lead on a punching-ball, or, at any rate, some more or bulky object, suspended from the ceiling sack stuffed with paper will do admirably. leading at this, see that your foot touches ground at the precise moment at which fist strikes its object, for this will ensure your weight being behind the blow.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A COMPANION

Do not forget that, whereas the book supposes certain actions on the part of yo opponent in order that you may put into pra tice the various hits described, in an a contest your adversary would probably not by any means so obliging; and you would often at a loss what to do.

Thus, if possible, it is advisable, learning from a book, to get some friend come and learn with you. It does not matt if he knows no more about boxing than y do. Try the strokes on him, and let him them on you. In this way, you will begin realise the innumerable different variations can be introduced into almost every stro This is the best way of learning from a b

And, with the assistance of a friend, it be found quite possible for a learner to b come moderately proficient in a very sho space of time.

RONALD BLACKITT.

THE FINEST WINTER OVERCOAT EVER DESIGNED

FRONT VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

THE magnificent appearance of the cavalry soldier is largely due to the cut of his Overcoat, or, as he calls it, his "cloak."

Realising this, we requested Captain Saunders, who conducts the "Outer Man" page, to assist us in designing an Overcoat which would be suitable for civilian wear, and which would also embody the distinctive cut of the cavalry Overcoat. He very kindly consented to help us with his advice, and THE MODERN MAN Overcoat is the result.

It is cut very full from the waist downwards, so that it fully protects the knees and legs when travelling by train or motor.

The collar is very deep, giving absolute protection to the neck in the roughest weather.

The back is fitted with a reversed box-pleat, which gives perfect freedom of movement to the shoulders.

A half-belt enables you to bring in the waist as much as you desire.

This is absolutely the finest thing in Winter Overcoats that has ever been offered.

The materials are Irish Friezes, Grey Cheviots, Fleeces, and Blue Beavers, all of the most fashionable texture and colour, and in infinite variety.

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BACK VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

J. & H. ELLIS, *The Firm that fitted the King,* **20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.**

A NIGHT OUT.

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

By AN A.R.A.

It is the broad humanity of THE MODERN MAN that tempts me to spin its readers the following, I fear, unimproving yarn, a story which knocks large holes in certain copy-book maxims, and particularly that of never putting off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Many years ago a certain day found me in a despondent mood. Things had not been going well with me; various promised commissions had fallen through, I was behind with rent and being pressed for the studio rent, and generally speaking I was in a fix.

I was working away late in the afternoon when I received a letter from a dealer I knew saying he had seen a little thing of mine at the Royal Academy, which was then open, and that he would give me £30 for it. He asked me to wire yes, or no, saying that it was his best and final offer.

Ordinarily I should have refused, but £30 would be more than useful at the moment, and I was just about to wire accepting, when in burst my brother artist, Smithson.

"Come along, Charles, my boy, you've got to come out with me to-night. Annual dinner of the Scorchers" (Smithson was a footballer of some note). "We feed at Simpson's and then we are going along to the Pavilion to *remove the audience*. There are a lot of fellows from Bart's and Guy's, and Thomas's coming too. Hurry up, dinner's at six, bundle into your evening togs."

I am a little man and I protested that I was no good in a scrimmage of this kind. "Oh, never mind," said Smithson, "we'll put you up in the gallery where you can enjoy the fun."

The dinner was a lively affair, the oranges beginning to fly about with the soup.

Afterwards we marched in procession to the "Pav.," being reinforced by detachments from the hospitals.

Near the Pavilion we halted, and exercising guile went in by twos and threes, the rioters distributing themselves among the audience while I, as arranged, went up in the gallery.

For a time nothing happened, then Tim O'Flaherty, the Captain of the "Scorchers," a giant of about seven foot, and as broad as he was long, sprang on a seat and shouted out "Does anyone like this performance?" Of course, there was a hullabaloo and the attendants tried to get at Tim, but he was surrounded by a solid phalanx of supporters.

Again Tim repeated his question "Does anyone like this performance?" and, answering it himself, he added "because if anyone says he does, I'm goin' to put him out." That was a signal for pandemonium. The footballers fought with the audience and attendants, and the medical students fought with themselves and anybody that came along. It was an exhilarating spectacle and carried away by my feelings, I shouted out "Hooray, Hooray." Immediately a brawny attendant, whom I had not noticed, seized me by the scruff of the neck, ran me downstairs, and flung me out into the street.

While I lay there on my back, seeing stars and visions, several heavy bodies, which I vaguely recognised as belonging to some of the footballers, were violently propelled through the entrance and on to me.

When at last I reached home, I had lost my hat, torn my trousers, and altogether was in a sorry state. As I fumbled with the latchkey, I thought of the telegram I ought to have sent and cussed myself for a fool.

On the hall-stand was a letter, which looked like a "dun." On opening it, however, I found that it was an intimation from the secretary of the Royal Academy telling me that there was a buyer for my picture at £150.

F.

Garden Notes

When planting bulbs, such as snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils, which, by the way, it is not yet too late to do, it is important to remember that they must be set in such a position that the leaves can be left on them in spring until after they are dead.

The careful gardener ties the dead leaves in a knot, and so makes them appear more or less tidy, and then leaves them to rot off the bulb, which will be injured if the leaves are cut off.

* * * * * * *

Lilies of the valley are beautiful flowers which are not cultivated as much as they might be. They should usually be shifted in the autumn, for if left too long in the same bed the crowns become so crowded that they have not the strength to produce good blooms.

Before replanting, the ground should be dug deeply and well manured.

The bulbs should then be set at least three inches apart—preferably in lines with about ten inches between them.

The crown should be just covered with soil, and the whole spread with about an inch of rotten manure and leaf mould, to protect them from severe frost.

* * * * * * *

In clearing up the herbaceous border, a process that by now should be approaching completion, be careful never to remove the top of a plant as long as it contains any vitality, and never cut down plants which have hollow stems closer than twelve inches from the ground.

* * * * * * *

It is useful for the gardener who supplies his own flowers for the decoration of the house to remember that they will last far longer if a little common soda is put into the water.

They should always be cut cleanly with a sharp knife and whenever the water is changed (which should be about every second day) a small piece of the stem should be cut off.

Keep them as far as possible in the coolest part of the room.

C. B. STAINER.

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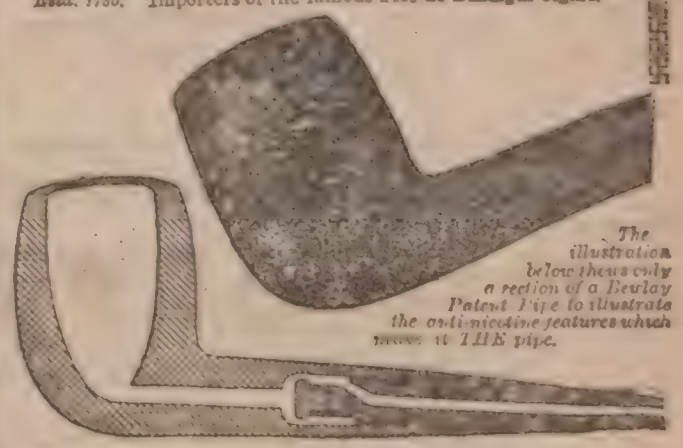

The illustration below shows only a section of a Bewlay Patent Pipe to illustrate the anti-nicotine features which make it THE pipe.

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On the theory that seeing is believing, John A. Smith desires everyone to try his remedy for the cure of Rheumatism and Gout, at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute **5,000 4/6 boxes** among all persons sending him their full address. Mr. Smith has suffered all the agony and torture from Rheumatism and Gout, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take narcotics, and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of his Rheumatism and Gout, and after much experimenting, finally formed a combination of harmless, remedial, vegetable substances, **which completely cured him.** The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives, and neighbours suffering were next cured, and Mr. Smith decided to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task difficult, as nearly everybody had tried a score or more remedies, and they could not be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for Rheumatism or Gout. However, an elderly gentleman from London wrote him, saying that if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered over thirty years, and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he refused to buy anything more until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more, and the result was astonishing. **He was completely cured.** This gave Mr. Smith a new idea, and ever since that time he has been sending out **free boxes to all who apply.**

There is no treatment for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, or any other uric acid ailment to-day known which has more cures to its credit than "Gloria Tonic." It has cured people in practically every city of the British Isles and Europe, where the preparation is already highly famed for its curative power. Mr. Smith will send a 4/6 box, also his illustrated book on "Rheumatism and Gout; Causes and Cure," absolutely free of charge to any reader of "The Modern Man," **who will enclose the following Coupon,** for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune.

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I am a sufferer from ..... and I desire to be cured. If you will send me a 4/6 box of "Gloria Tonic" tablets, free of cost **(I enclose 4d. for postage and packing)** I will give it a trial.

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In this article it is indicated how conditions have changed, enabling the man who is not a capitalist to embark on profitable stock and share transactions without straining his resources, avoiding stamps, fees, commissions, etc. These charges are dispensed with in a method of Money-making which revolutionised Stock and Share transactions.

THE man who looks on any unsatisfactory condition of things with cold, challenging eyes is a revolutionist in thought. What has been tolerated is not necessarily good enough to continue. This applies with particular force to stock and share transactions.

In this sphere of business activity a revolution has been brought about. Once, only the man and woman of means could use or take advantage of expert knowledge, because in the first place, every transaction had to be made for a substantial amount, and in the second place, at every step there were charges to meet which sometimes made a profit impossible and very often difficult.

Now, through the National Share Exchange a vastly different condition of things obtains. The gate of convenience has been flung wide to the public. Anyone may limit his liability to a few pounds, with the convincing knowledge of being entitled all the time to unlimited profits.

That is all we can say on that point with the limited space at our disposal here. You will be informed directly of the details of this method if you fill up and send the coupon below. So far reference has been made to this method only, but the results are also revolutionary. The National Share Exchange has distributed nearly half-a-million pounds sterling (£428,280) among clients who have adopted this system. Compare this achievement with any other of a similar nature, and consider whether it would pay you to learn more.

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A GRASP OF BUSINESS.

Of course there are exceptions, but I do not think I am far wrong in saying that the average woman does not possess a large grasp of business needs.

A woman is excellent as a saver of money. This is proved in hundreds of cases in every town, and especially among the working-classes, where it is usual for the wage-earner to hand his money over each week to his wife, and to receive from her a certain amount of spending money. Working-class households run on such lines are always happier than those where the working-man holds the purse. The tastes of a working-class woman are less expensive than the man's, and, consequently, she is better able to save money than the man is. In most cases where such a system prevails, you find house-holds with a very considerable balance in the savings bank.

There is much to be said for the feminine system of saving pence even in business. It is necessary for every business man and for every firm to keep a close eye on the details of expenses, because it is the paying out of pence that wears away the pounds; but I do not think that anyone who follows this system of finance in larger matters can possibly obtain success. It is all right for the working-class household, but it will not do for the man in a larger way of business.

There are some men who are born gamblers, who, somehow or another, manage to make in thousands, even if they do not possess the money. These people are endowed either with a gift, or with an unusual amount of foolhardiness, and I do not think that the risks they take are worth while.

Still it is worth noticing that successful business men have a grasp of business needs and finance that is wider than the feminine financier's outlook. While saving the pence, they are yet prepared, when occasion demands, to throw the whole of their capital, and the whole of their credit, into a scheme which they know to be a good one.

Usually the scheme is one which they themselves control, which is connected with their own business, and of which they know the possible development.

It is difficult to define the meaning of "grasp of business." It means the ability to seize opportunities, the commonsense to distinguish between a real opportunity and a false, the courage to take the necessary amount of risk, and the plodding frugality that has at last saved the necessary amount of money to enable the venture to be carried through.

A woman's system of finance—the saving of pence at all hazards—is excellent so far as it goes, but it will not carry a man through his business career, if he is aiming at great things. He must learn at an early stage to distinguish between profitable ventures and unprofitable ones, and he must be prepared to throw himself heart and soul into any move which his commonsense tells him is to turn out a success.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

Markets on the Stock Exchange have shown distinct improvement all round during the last ten days, principally caused by a better investment demand and the substantial advance in prices on Wall Street. Even Rhodesians have improved, and should the rise continue in this section the big houses will not be slow to take advantage of it to plant more of their surplus shares on the luckless country investor. Yankees have gone ahead rapidly during the week, and although there are still many bargains for the investor in this market, the speculator naturally expects a set back after the considerable rise.

The large estimated decrease in the Mexican Railway traffic for the week ending 15th October—caused through the wash-out on the line—has not affected the price of the stocks much, as this will be adjusted in the monthly return by reason of the working arrangement with the Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico, which also runs between Mexico City and Vera Cruz. The meeting of the Mexican Railway Company will take place before this article appears in print, and, if rumour is correct, the chairman will have something to say which will cause further sharp advances in the prices of the stocks, especially the Ordinary.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK.

The large number of depositors who believed in the solidity of the Charing Cross Bank only shows that their financial education has been sadly neglected. That this Bank has been successfully and cleverly managed for a great many years does not alter the fact that depositors were running a tremendous risk. Of course, the majority of the depositors would be ignorant of the fact that their money must be employed in very speculative dealings to enable the Bank to pay the large interest they agreed to do.

A great many of these deposits were made subject to one to five years' notice of withdrawal, consequently it would not be difficult for a financial expert to show investors of this class many investments which would yield say in five years' time more than they received from the Bank—without the great risk. For instance, the 5 per cent. Gold Bonds of the Mexico North-Western Railway, which I have recommended before in this column and which now stand about 85, will probably yield more than a deposit in this Bank would have done with five years' notice of withdrawal, with the additional advantage that the investor can realise his security at any time, simply by instructing a Broker to sell on the Stock Exchange.

Of course, an investor in these Bonds will only receive 5 per cent. half-yearly, which at 85 shows almost 6 per cent. on the outlay; but, as the price is sure to appreciate to 100 within the next five years a further profit would thereby accrue to the investor of over 3½ per cent. per annum.

There are often to be found similar investments which would give as good or better return than this Bank—without the risk to capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. F. (Oldham) and **"IVAN"** (Rhondda).—Do not follow the advice of the firm you mention. As they act as principals, they could scarcely counsel you to act against their own interests, and your gain would be their loss.

W. S. K.—I know nothing against the firm.

E. J.—I have no liking for the Company you inquire about, and think you would be well advised to transfer to a larger and stronger concern.

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Write NOW enclosing addressed envelope. Don't wait till you are out of work; it's too late then.

Think what it means to be out of work with perhaps wife and children to keep fed. Is it not worth a small sacrifice now to know that in the time of need they are provided for, for three months, during which time you can look around and secure work?

The Insurance gives you heart to look for work, and cheerfulness is half the battle when you apply for a situation and compete with others.

You can be cheerful when you know that "All's Well" at Home.

Be sure and ask for Prospectus M.M.

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INCH, "BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN."

Physical Culture by Post.

Important Investigation by "The Modern Man."

¶ Every reader probably knows that an advertiser has to be genuine before he can regularly book space in "The Modern Man."

¶ As I have had the pleasure of advertising some time, and am doing an extensive business with readers of this paper, I personally suggested that my business should be investigated.

¶ I believe that the Editor was fully satisfied with my bona-fides, but still I wished for a full and thorough investigation to be made to prove that my claims—(1) That I am personally conducting the business in every way, and that it is not simply a money-making concern; (2) That all my statements and claims with regard to testimonials &c., and the way in which my business is conducted, were perfectly true.

¶ I now reprint below a full report from the Editor of "The Modern Man," and I am going to take advantage of the occasion to repeat the very special offer which I made to readers of "The Modern Man" only, and which was responded to so promptly by so many readers.

Reproduction of letter re investigation.

THE MODERN MAN.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

Editor:
J. A. SHEPHERD.

WESTINGHOUSE BUILDING,
STRAND.

London, October 7th, 1910.

THOMAS INCH, ESQ.,
Munster House,
676, 676A, Fulham Road, S.W.

DEAR MR. INCH,—From the earliest foundation of THE MODERN MAN it has been my endeavour to protect my readers as far as possible by ensuring that all advertisements appearing in its columns should be perfectly genuine.

While I have carefully excluded from my pages all advertisements of people whose goods or whose dealings I had reason to suspect, it has always given me great pleasure to recommend those advertisers of whose bona-fides I am assured.

I have had abundant proof of the excellence of your own methods. Not only have several of my own personal friends benefited greatly by your treatment, but I have also received many letters from readers who are most enthusiastic as to the benefits they have derived from your course. **In this connection I may inform you that I have never at any time had one solitary complaint from any reader who has had dealings with you.** I have, therefore, had great pleasure in recommending your courses to those who have asked my opinion concerning them.

Nevertheless, it was with pleasure that, in accordance with your suggestion, I sent a representative of "The Modern Man" to investigate your business thoroughly, and to assure himself that every statement you have made in your advertisements was plain facts, and that the claims that you have made were fully justified.

These investigations he carried out most thoroughly, and I beg to thank you for the courtesy with which you yourself showed him every detail of your methods and of the up-to-date equipment of the large premises to which the expansion of your business has necessitated your removal.

He was especially impressed with the fact that the whole of this large establishment is directly under your own personal control, and that the whole of the correspondence passes through your own hands, **and that your claim that every pupil receives personal attention from you was true in every particular. It is this point, perhaps, that constitutes the chief advantage of your system over those of other Physical Culture experts who prescribe the same course of exercises for men and women, for old and young, for the strong and the delicate, without taking the trouble to inquire into the individual requirements of the pupil.**

That such close personal attention should be possible in the case of every one of the 42,000 pupils who have passed through your hands, is due entirely to the perfection of your business organisation, and to the wonderful systems of filing, which, I understand, you have yourself invented. Some of these are so original and so accurate that I intend to adopt them in my own offices.

My representative was especially impressed, as I have been myself on those occasions when I have had the pleasure of meeting you, with this remarkable grip of business methods, which distinguished you from other "strong men." In this, no doubt, lies the reason for your success, for while they are content to be run by syndicates of business men, and merely to lend their name and to pose for photographs, **you direct every detail of your business in person, and interest yourself personally in every pupil.**

How much this is appreciated by the latter is shown by the thousands of testimonials which are so neatly filed in your offices, and which were inspected by my representative.

He also saw with interest the work of the different departments at Munster House in actual progress—the long rows of typewriters at work, the filing cabinets and shelves that line the walls, the making of the developers and other appliances which are supplied to your pupils, and even the up-to-date telephone system that enables you to converse with any department in the building, and to know when any other telephone instrument in it is in use.

He informs me that your new offices are capable of housing 200 clerks. At your present rate of progress I imagine you will soon require to make even further expansion. You may always rely upon me to support you in every possible way, for in your work as an efficient teacher of Physical Culture you are rendering the public a great service.

Yours very faithfully,

J. A. SHEPHERD.

Special Offer to Readers of "The Modern Man"

Write now for my free book, "HEALTH AT HOME," which will be sent you by the next post certain, free and post paid, and in sending same I will repeat the special offer which I made a few weeks back, and which I had not meant to repeat.

You may rely on it that you are dealing direct with me, and that **you will have personal attention at the hands of a man who has made a life study of the deep and enthralling subject of Physical Culture.**

I particularly appeal to sedentary workers, anxious to improve in health, or to young fellows anxious to improve their physical development.

I can guarantee a 40-inch chest to most young men, and can positively cure the following ailments and physical defects :—**Constipation, Indigestion, Obesity, Emaciation, Heart Troubles, Nervous Disorders, Stunted Growth** (if under 25), **Bad Circulation, Insomnia, Rounded Shoulders, Flat Chests, etc., etc.**

THOMAS INCH, PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT,

DEPT. M.M., MUNSTER HOUSE,

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY PROVES HIS QUALITY

By ADAM STERN.

It was a bricklayer who entered the office after knocking, and he handed Richard a note. Richard raised his brows a fraction on reading it.

"All right," he said. "Tell Mr. Rogers I'll be along presently."

He stood up as the man withdrew.

"If I'd said what was in my mind," he observed to Graill, who was entering up the morning's orders, "I should have sent word to Mr. Rogers that he's a liar. But I'll withhold the opinion till I see him."

"Why, what's up?" asked Graill.

Richard read the note aloud—"'Dear Sir,—The chain we had from you lately is turning out defective. You'd better come and look at it. Signed, Gilbert and Rogers.'

"Rogers's handwriting," continued Richard; "and he's talking through his hat. No chain leaves these works defective."

"They're the builders and contractors, aren't they?"

"Yes; at present repairing the Lea Valley viaduct. I passed that way yesterday."

"What was it they had from us? I don't remember the order?"

"Only a small quantity of best quality crane chain. They wanted it, I suppose, for the work they're now on . . . . It's a minor matter, but it hits at my reputation, and I'm rather tender in that particular spot."

He put on his hat and went into the works to give a few instructions and then passed out into the street. The Lea Valley viaduct was on the outskirts of Moulden, less than a mile distant, and he strode briskly in its direction.

Ere long a figure ahead of him attracted his attention—a slim, upright man in well-fitting grey, with a grey tall hat and stiff military carriage. It was Major Gilbert—senior partner of the firm of Gilbert and Rogers—an elderly, kindly gentleman, much addicted to fresh-air exercise, who had practically retired from active business, but still liked to look on at what was being done.

Richard overtaking him, they exchanged greetings, found that their destination was the same, and continued the journey in company. Richard soon ascertained that he knew nothing of the complaint in question; and their conversation as they progressed was on impersonal topics.

Arrived at the base of the west column-support of the viaduct, where builders' paraphernalia lay about in profusion, they picked their way through scattered slabs of masonry and came upon Rogers, who was in far from pleasant humour.

In fact, he was furious. Launching a denunciatory stream at Richard, the purport of which was that work was as good as at a standstill, due to the crane-chain having snapped that morning on a first attempt at using, he wanted to know what the devil Richard meant by it! It was clearly his belief that he had been inconvenienced deliberately.

"Coming to you," he stormed, "I thought I *should* have dependable quality."

"You thought right," said Richard, who was gazing abstractedly upwards.

Stout, loud-voiced, and overbearing, Rogers, though no doubt successful in energising would-be lethargic workmen, was hardly the type to ruffle Richard's equanimity.

"I should save breath and show me the damage," he recommended. "One chain's broken, you say. You had three altogether. What about the other two?"

"They're all alike."

"All broken?"

"Yes. You ought to be damn well ashamed of yourself supplying——"

"Did they give with the load in the air?"

"Lucky for you, they didn't. If they had done, somebody as like as not would ha' been killed, and *you'd* have had to stand the ruction, not us."

"What happened, then?" Richard was giving him only half his interest as he glanced casually about.

"As soon as we began to lift——"

"Ah!" Richard left him unceremoniously, and approached a heap of chain which he had espied some distance off.

Major Gilbert considered Rogers's empurpled visage for a moment, smiled to himself, and followed Richard. He found him examining the links that had parted, with knitted brows.

"Perhaps it isn't your chain," suggested Gilbert.

"It is," said Richard.

"Are you sure? We have other makes in stock at the Moulden yard, I believe." He was seeking, with kindly instinct, to ameliorate the difficulty.

"Do you know one man's face from another's?" asked Richard bluntly. "Well, that's how I know my chain. It's as familiar to me as my own dog.

"Also," he went on, as he subjected link after link to minute scrutiny, "I test every length of chain that goes out of my works. Test it personally, you understand. This chain passed the official test. The simple explanation is that you've been trying to hoist something in excess of its breaking strain."

"Oh, *have* we?" put in Rogers sarcastically. He was standing at his elbow. "Oblige me by mentioning what the official breaking strain is."

"Two and a quarter tons," answered Richard.

"Then come here!"

He moved away to the place immediately below the long arm of the crane, which, far overhead, hung still and black, like an enormous gibbet. At his feet was an iron cradle with clamped stanchions rising from each corner welded to a ring above, in which were several blocks of masonry.

Richard saw at a glance that the number it contained was eight.

"Each one of those sl... is under four hundred... weight," Rogers remarked... "Say a ton and a half ... all. *That* was the load your... tackle refused to lift. Now, what y' got to say?"

"Nothing—till I've tested it again," ... sponded Richard, disappointing him by ... playing no chagrin. "Then, perhaps, a good deal. . . . Meanwhile, there's another lot on the way to replace it."

"On the way?"

"The lad ought to be here in a minute."

"But," queried Major Gilbert in surprise, "did you, then, *expect* your goods would be faulty?"

"Not much!" answered Richard. "I thought what you thought—that maybe my st... had got mixed up with some other, and figuring you might be idle while you hunted for it. I tested a further three chains from stock before starting out, and told a lad to bring them along. His hand-cart will come in useful for taking this broken lot back."

"Very thoughtful of you," commented Gilbert.

"All very well," interjected Rogers nastily, "but we don't want it, thank ye. I've already asked Bradlaw to supply our requirements, and I'll take good care he gets our business in future. You can keep your chain! Pass it off on the folks who don't know any better ——"

"Now, now!" chided Gilbert amicably.

"He's all right," said Richard; "it's a jolly way. . . . My lad has arrived, I see. Let's rig up the new tackle, and see how it goes. I'm curious about this matter, devilish curious!"

"You'll try no more of your rubbish here," threatened Rogers.

"Don't be an ass, man! Your temper is becoming a nuisance."

"I say you won't."

"I say I shall." Richard turned and beckoned his lad, with *sang-froid* undisturbed, though there was a determined gleam in his eye.

"Look here!" blustered Rogers. "I'm the boss of this place, not you. You've heard my decision, and nothing'll make me go from it."

"Come, come!" interposed Gilbert mildly. "At least, it can do no harm. I think you're a trifle unreasonable, Rogers."

"You do, do you? Well, what do you reckon the men will feel like, handling tackle they know to be unsafe? Even if it holds the first time or two, there's no guarantee it's going to last. And they'll be in fear and trembling the whole time they're working, and we sha'n't get half as much out of them. You trust me to know what I'm talking about. You get a ton and a half of metal on top of your best hat, and *you* won't be so ready to run unnecessary risk."

"Um—m, there's certainly something in what you say," conceded Gilbert.

"There is," said Richard heartily. "You're quite right, Mr. Rogers. Unless the tackle is absolutely reliable, it's out of the question to expect you to use it. But how are you to discover if it is or it isn't, if you don't test it? Now, just one question: has Bradlaw's stuff come yet?"

"Not yet," replied Rogers, partly mollified by Richard's change of front. "We shall have it till afternoon."

"Then it's worth while expending a few minutes on proving me the rottenest chain-maker in Moulden—as well as the biggest fool. Sing up to those men above to lower the rope. We'll send up one of these chains, and while they're fixing it I'll just increase the load a bit."

He stooped, and with the utmost ease lifted another of the four-hundredweight blocks

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stone into the cradle, and followed it with still another.

"Not much short of two tons now," he mentioned to Gilbert, as he dusted his hands.

Gilbert was staring astonishment, but made no remark.

"It will reassure the men, seeing it hoist an overload," added Richard.

"Perhaps it will," said Rogers ungraciously; "but it won't satisfy me, nor make me alter my mind about putting on Bradlaw's chain when it comes."

"You'll be satisfied in a minute or two," said Richard; and he was smiling.

Taken up by the rope, the chain was attached to the drum of the steam-crane, encased in the pulley gear, and down it came swinging to the accompaniment of a smooth, melodious rattle.

Richard threaded the hook through the ring of the cradle and signalled for the chain to be drawn taut. Then he stepped on to the cradle himself, holding a stanchion with either hand.

"Right ho," he said.

Gilbert took a quick step forward.

"You're never——" he gasped.

"I'm going up," said Richard.

"Don't be a damned idiot!" ejaculated Rogers.

"Idiot yourself, if you imagine I can't trust my chain! I'm only twelve stone odd. This chain, not an hour ago, stood a test of forty-five hundredweight. The weight of the lot doesn't total that—and I'm *going up*!"

"I protest," exclaimed Gilbert. "It's not safe!"

"I wish I was as safe for heaven," said Richard serenely. "Give the word, Rogers. There's nothing whatever to be alarmed about."

"Well, if you're set on breaking your neck, break it!" and Rogers gave the word.

The drum began to revolve, the chain quivered—held—and the cradle mounted steadily aloft, Richard in as nonchalant a position as though he were on terra firma.

"If it gave *now*," uttered Gilbert, very distinctly.

"He'd smash you as well as himself. . . . Get back out of danger, in case. . . ."

"I prefer to remain where I am," said Gilbert in return, stiffly.

Level with the scaffolding, the cradle's upward movement ceased. For a moment it remained poised, swaying gently in mid-air, then the wheeling arm of the crane carried it slowly inward, and Richard jumped off on to the platform.

"I'll go back the same way," he said. "It's quicker."

Descending, he addressed the two partners laconically.

"That convince you?"

"Seems O.K.," assented Rogers.

"We shall continue the work with your material," intimated Gilbert—a resolution which settled the matter. For, seldom though he interfered, when he did so, his will was law.

"Obliged to you!" said Richard. "I was ready, if you'd wanted more proof, to travel up and down all day; but now that you're aware it isn't necessary, I'll quit. . . . Good-day!"

A problem was busying his brain during the whole of the walk Moulden-wards. It had not been solved when he reached his works and promptly entered the forge.

"That lad returned?" he queried. "Ah, this is the stuff!"

"Now, what the deuce," he reflected, as he inspected it afresh, "is the matter with it? It looks all right. No file marks . . . no sign of any tampering. . . . Yet it yielded—snapped off brittle as glass from all appearances—and chain of this quality ought to part in strands. . . . Funny. . . . damned funny! . . . .

He was mystified. He sat on an anvil and thought hard. Then he went into the testing shed and tested the pieces that were intact. They withstood a breaking strain in excess of official regulation. It was chain worthy of Richard's record, potent to perform more than might ordinarily be demanded of it.

"Then *why*?" thought Richard.

And all abruptly his countenance cleared.

Within the minute he had made an experiment, confirmed the solution he had hit upon, and was back in the office attending to other affairs. Action in the matter was not expedient just yet.

At four in the afternoon he called the same lad to him again.

"Cut off to Mr. Rogers," he said. "My compliments, and how is the chain behaving itself now? . . . By the way, I want to know what time they start work in the morning, and if Mr. Rogers is there; but find out without letting on to anybody you've done so. Understand?"

"Right ho!" said the lad, who, in ardent worship of Richard, sedulously borrowed his manner.

In half an hour he brought the information.

"They go on at eight, sir, these dark mornings. Mr. Rogers is always there sharp. Chain tip-top."

Richard nodded.

Exactly at eight next morning he accosted Rogers.

"Sent a load up yet?"

"No; just about to. Why?"

"I anticipate the same trouble as yesterday."

"The devil you do! There'd better not be!"

"The blame won't be mine, as I shall very soon demonstrate. Let's make sure, anyhow."

The cradle was lying empty. A couple of workmen packed into it the customary cargo of eight; the hook was attached to the ring, and the signal given to lift. The chain broke a short distance up, without even lifting the cradle from the ground, and the topmost end swished skywards with a "pang."

Rogers uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Thought so," said Richard. "Now, who'd have a fire about here?"

"A fire? There's one in the engine."

"That would be out at night, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"There's a watchman?"

"Yes."

"He'd keep a fire going—and he's the man, whoever he is. Fetch him up."

A slouching, unkempt, sullen-browed man approached, and his lips were white. He glared at Richard from the corners of his eyes.

"So . . ." mused Richard, with unpleasant inflection; "it's Martin Begg. You worked for me, time back, I remember, and I sacked you for incompetence. Stand up, man, and face the music, if you've any guts left! . . . That's more like it. . . . You know how to wreck the finest chain that's made? Get it white hot and plunge it into cold water. Just once or twice—and the trick's done! and there's nothing to show for it, when the chain's a natural colour. That's the neat revenge you've been practising on me. Well, I'm sorry for you. . . ."

He strode up to the cowering form and felled him with a more brutal blow than he had ever been guilty of.

"You chose the wrong way," he said. "Get up."

And, discontented by the absence of opposition, he spurned him with his foot.

"There's a second replacing lot on the way," he informed Rogers, with iron-like expression. "And I should advise you to get a new watchman."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

MILITARY PRESSMEN.

Military pressmen have formed themselves into an Association, which bids fair to be extremely successful. There are a great many ex-military men engaged in journalism, and most of them do well, probably because they are as a rule sportsmen and men of the world.

Well-known military pressmen are Colonel Newnham-Davis, the "Dwarf of Blood" of the "Pink 'Un," Major Philip Trevor, whose cricketing articles are read the world over, Major Mahon, the authority on motoring, Colonel Maude, Colonel Lonsdale Hale, Captain the Hon. Southwell Fitzgerald, and "B.P."

Many ex-soldiers hold good billets on the commercial side of newspapers as advertisement managers and so on, their training in habits of punctuality and method rendering them sought after.

The idea of the Association is mutual help. Thus if a member hears of work which he cannot himself undertake he reports to the secretary, who then communicates the news to the other members.

Oatine

When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE. It instantly relieves tenderness and soreness of the skin.

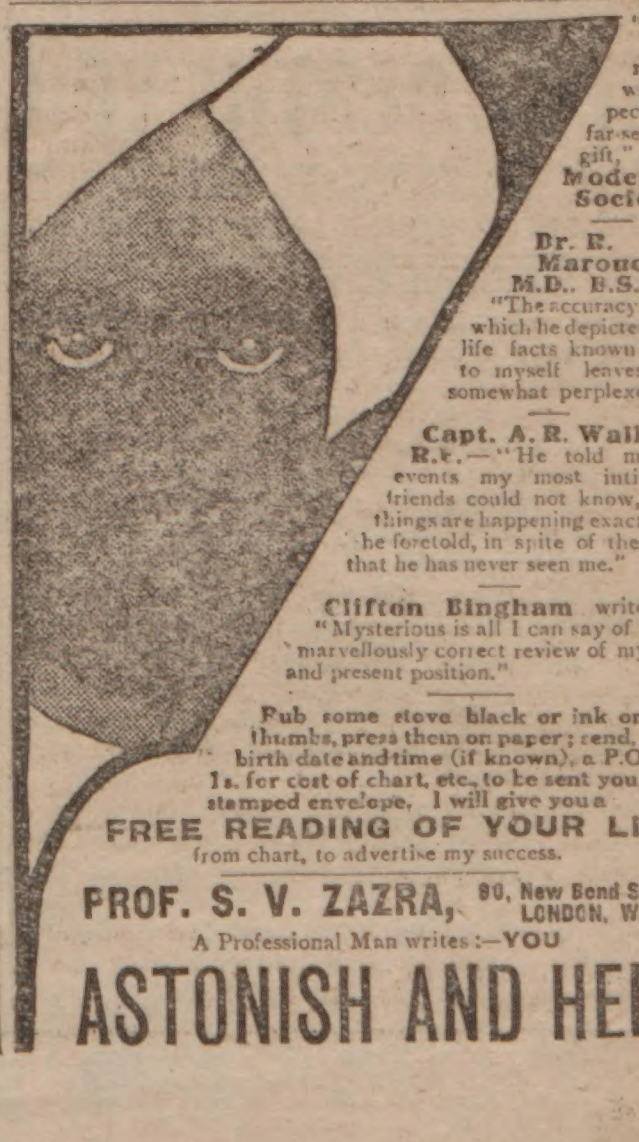
A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred), a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine B'ldgs., Mermaid Ct., London, S.E.

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache speedily grows at any age by using "Mousta," the only True Moustache Forcer. Success Positively Guaranteed. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage. Send 7d. to T. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, London, N.



"He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift," says Modern Society.

Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.—"The accuracy with which he depicted my life facts known only to myself leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not know, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Clifton Bingham writes:—"Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope, I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE

from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. S. V. ZAZRA, 80, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

A Professional Man writes:—YOU

ASTONISH AND HELP

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

NEW IDEAS IN TIES.

Taste has gained another victory over "striking patterns" in that the quiet tie is now the order of the day. True it is that brighter goods are on the market, but I am informed through a reliable source that they have nothing approaching the selling power of the plainer articles, in the élite circles.

Perhaps the most popular of combinations is the plain black with a touch of white spots or design.

Some quiet Paisleys have been introduced, so that this favourite style will continue to enjoy its popularity.

Some quiet but attractive varieties in green are to be seen in the West-End, and these should appeal to men who prefer something a little brighter than black and white neck-wear.

But there can never be any special law regarding the colour of ties, excepting, of course, in cases of general mourning.

A very large number of the newest ties have comparatively narrow ends—two inches or so. The ties make rather a small knot, but they promise well. Personally, I have never been exceedingly keen on the enormous widths of some varieties of ties, and I have always contended that, indirectly, these wide ends are the cause of cross creases on the knot. Certainly they do anything but facilitate the operation of tying.

The depth of the waistcoat—still an undecided point—must largely govern the width of the tie selected, so that the man who elects to favour the high-cut vest may wear the narrower neck-wear. Wide ends are wasted material with this kind of vest.

POPULARITY OF FELT HATS.

I have been interested to find that, of late, the old prejudice against felt hats has been dying at a rapid rate.

I have known men who, while looking anything but attractive in a bowler, are able to cut quite a decent figure in a softer hat, perhaps of the "Wild West" type.

About a year ago, one used to associate the soft hat with the Socialist spouter—and there were those who considered it singularly appropriate. We have lost the opportunity of making that joke now, but for all that, I think the variety in headgear makes a handful of men far smarter than was the case when only stiff hats were worn.

There is only one danger, as far as I can see, in wearing the limp felt hat, and that is the possibility of being taken for a Yankee.

Harder felts have become popular with City business men, and consequently one doesn't see so many ancient tall hats in the vicinity of Lombard Street.

If a not too bright shade is chosen, a felt hat will last for a considerable time, and will be found to be far more economical than the bowler for which a decent sum must always be paid to get the latest shape. And bowler fashions are ever changing—much to the advantage of the hatter. The man who wears a felt need not bother about intricacies of shape; all he need trouble about is the choice of a suitable colour and general style.

Certain types of felts will give a pleasing military appearance and enable a man to assume a brisk appearance which, with a bowler would be denied him.

TERRITORIAL UNIFORMS.

On several occasions my notice has been drawn by Territorial officers to the great expense involved in the purchase of uniforms, which must necessarily hamper the man who is not too well endowed with wealth.

A typical letter has just reached me from a young officer who, though only in receipt of a salary of £130 a year, is obliged to live away from home. His outfit has cost him something to the tune of £55, and of this he can only hope to regain £20 by passing an examination next year. He is of opinion that no Territorial officer should be compelled to spend more than his Government grant for his entire outfit, and he fails to see the necessity for having a full-dress uniform.

Of course, the writer has been forced to call for paternal aid, which, happily, has been forthcoming. But the father adds that, solely because of the expense, no other son of his shall join the Territorial Force.

In the old days of the Volunteers things could be done on a far cheaper basis, and there is much to be said in favour of the movement for cutting down dress expenses where money is none too plentiful.

The annoying part of it is that the authorities cover themselves by saying that only the Field Service kit is demanded by regulation, and that that is fully paid for by the Government grant.

But in matters of military dress as well as in civil life one has, when in Rome, to do as Rome does, and until the War Office can ensure that no officer in a regiment will have more than one uniform, the newly-joined officer must continue to pay through the nose.

And when the War Office does restrict the Territorial officer to khaki only, there will be a few more vacancies that will not be very easily filled up.

We Supply High-class Second-hand, and "Mis its" New. Gentlemen's, Yo.ths', and Boys' Clothing, &c.

LET US CLOTHE YOU

Mackintoshes, Underwear, and Footwear. Clothing in Excellent Condition Bought. Good Price Given.

ADDISON, 40, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

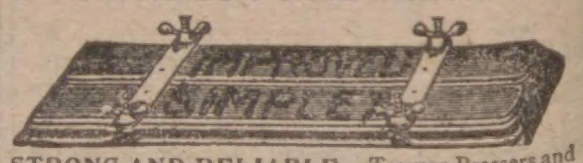
The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

It will give you a collar similar in every way to one made of celluloid, with the single exception that the appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it.

Lin-Gloss is sold in bottles at 1s., containing a six months' supply. One shilling expended on Lin-Gloss will save over 500 per cent. of the outlay.

Lin-Gloss is supplied direct from the manufacturers only. Send 1s. P.O. to-day to the Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50%



Price 5/9. Gives an elegant crease.

STRONG AND RELIABLE. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS, Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List, Free.

Carriage Paid. 4/11 Unpolished.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the clothes. Suits to measure from 21s. to 55s. CLOTH supplied from 2s. yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.

Your clothes will cost you less

if purchased on our system of supplying-by-post. We have had such wide experience of dealing with customers through the post that we can guarantee you perfect fitting in the best styles.

Our suits are cut well, fit well, and are made from the finest Yorkshire and other cloths. Or we supply the cloth for your tailor to make up.

Write for Patterns and Free Book of Styles, giving full particulars of postage to all parts of the world.

GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, Huddersfield

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the King?

There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.
2. Our prices are much lower.

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - 84/-

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

We return your money in full without question or argument if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,
201, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.
Right opposite the Law Courts.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mackintosh, nearly new, worn once, 35in. chest; bargain, accept 13s. 6d.—Box 3716, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Football boots, size 7 (Hotspur); cost 10s. 6d., practically new. What offers?—Box 3750, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boot bills halved by using "Shoevar," the new leather preservative for both soles and uppers; send 1s. P.O. for bottle and note the saving in your boot-repairing bill.—H. Douglas and Co., 30, Westgate, Bradford.

For up-to-date tailoring at keen prices for cash see Mc. Kinley's advt., page 13.

Mackintosh, in perfect condition, brand new, no use for same, 38in. chest, accept 16s.—Box 3781, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Golf. Wanted, set of clubs in good condition. Must be cheap.—Box 3776, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Albert Smith, expert in the manufacture of fishing rods, reels, lines, hooks, and general tackle, is now supplying anglers in all parts of the world direct from his new factory. Catalogues free.—Only address, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Skates. Roller-skates, all sizes, new, adjustable; accept 2s. 9d. per pair.—Box 3653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, full size, all accessories, must be in good condition, and cheap.—Box 3652, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Football, brand new this season, never been used; take 6s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fishing boots, B.S.A. pattern, size eights, little worn, cost 28s., sell 15s.; bargain.—Box 3782, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table wanted, full size, with accessories, in good condition.—State full particulars and lowest cash price to Box 3783, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, far killing air gun in good order.—Box 3784, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Grand double 12 hammerless, by A'lan, Glasgow, 30in. finest steel barrels, left choke, one of the best killers known, sound and perfect in every detail, as new, £7 10s., or near offer.—Box 3785, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

15ft. half-decked centre-board sailing boat, new silk sails this year, by Tunnidge, patent reef gear, also roller foresail, with foresail and mainsail cover, winner of several prizes; what offers?—Box 3786, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Clerk, aged 22, excellent references, at present disengaged, desires situation.—P., 431, Barking Road, Plaistow.

30s. to £3 per week easily earned; a fine paying agency, sole rights given. Write Lin-Gloss Co., Dept. 2, 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

¼-plate camera, new, with dark slides and tripod. What offers, cash or exchange?—Box 3788, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Houghton's 3½ by 2½ Ariel-de-Luxe pocket folding camera, 12 slides, metal tripod, and other accessories; cost £4 4s, take £3, exchange.—Box 3789, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted second-hand hand camera, ¼-plate. Midg preferred.—Box 3790, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

For Books, see Davies and Widdowson's advertisement, page 19.

Can you sketch? If so, why not turn your talent to account by learning to draw for the Press. Professional tuition by post.—Stamp for prospectus, &c., Sec., London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Second-hand books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

CYCLES, &c.

Wanted, head lamp, medium size, separate generator preferred; also generator, without lamp.—State bottom cash price, Box 3791, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, outer cover, inner tube (26in. by 2¼in.), steering wheel, suitable for small car or tri-car; must be good order, cheap.—Box 3723, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 3766, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Provident bond, £250, ballot section, immediate advance, £33 6s. 8d. paid. What offers?—Box 3797, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, £100 Provident building bond; paid £17; cash offers wanted.—Box 3798, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cheap lines suitable for mail order business.—Box 3799, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Loan, £10 wanted by householder, repay £12 10s. three months; security to private lender.—Box 3800, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, partner, at once, with £26, to run Bioscope business, age between 20 and 30.—Box 3801, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Partner wanted, single young man (only), for poultry farming; very small amount for half share; splendid outdoor remunerative occupation.—Box 3802, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Embrocation.—Personally recommended by cyclists, footballers, swimmers, climbers. Guaranteed genuine. Recipe, P.O., 1s.—Box 3777, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

English concertina, 48 silver keys, newest steel vibrators, perfect condition, cost £10 10s.; £5 5s., cash wanted.—Box 3794, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, concertina, brand new, 9s.—Box 3796, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amusement; secure four pocket novelties, 1s.; twelve assorted, 2s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

Genuine Sheffield-made razor, extra hollow ground, with any name engraved on blade; price, 2s. 3d., carriage paid. If you are in want of a really good razor try the "Blake," manufactured by Blake Brothers, 32, Edgedale Road, Sheffield.

Grahame-White's Smoking Mixture—as supplied to the famous aviator. All who desire a really high-class pipe tobacco should send P.O. 2s. for sample ¾lb tin to the manufacturers, Vincent and Co. (Dept. 5), Tobacco Specialists, Southport.

2/6 SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-

With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth-date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

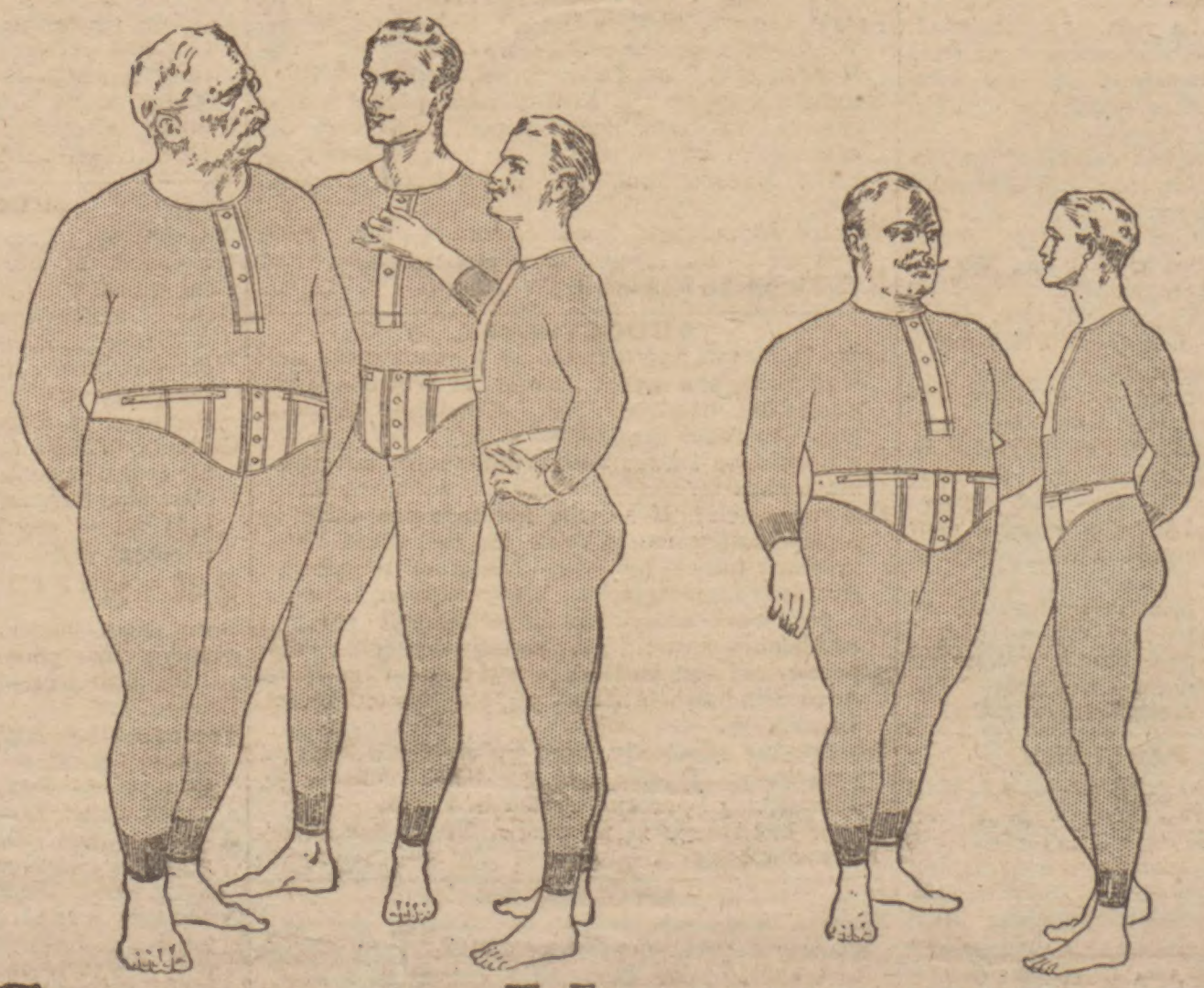
19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Whether you are Tall and Stout—Tall and Slender—Short and Stout—Short and Slender, or of Average proportions



CUTUNA UNDERWEAR

(GRADUATED LENGTH . . . . . UNSHRINKABLE)

Will Fit you Comfortably—Perfectly

It provides, in addition to the chest or waist size you require, the correct length of sleeve in vests and leg in pants. It affords a choice from three leg and sleeve lengths to every waist size and chest size respectively. No other underwear in the whole world offers so great a surety of a correct and comfort-giving fitting: no underwear is better value as regards material and workmanship.

The comfortable touch to the skin which one expects in good underwear is assured by the fineness of the materials used in its manufacture. These are beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—good for appearance and for wear. At the seat, and front of thigh, where hard wear falls, the wool is more closely woven, giving it much greater resisting power and consequently greatly increasing the life of the garment. "Cutuna" Underwear is positively guaranteed against shrinkage: any garment which shrinks being replaced without question or quibble.

VESTS (Winter Weight), **3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6, 7/11** (Medium Weight), **4/6**
PANTS ,, ,, **3/11, 5/6, 6/6, 8/6, 8/11** ,, ,, **5/6**

Write for the "Cutuna" Underwear Book, No. 8, and Samples of Materials.
When writing kindly mention "The Modern Man."

Horne BROTHERS

FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND NEW IN MEN'S WEAR

Central Establishment and Mail Order Department:

388, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

. . . . . and Branches throughout London . . . . . .

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Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*